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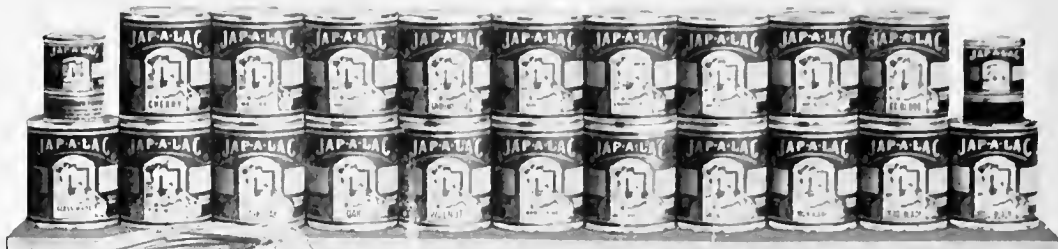
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BOY AND GIRL IN CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOUR. PHOTO BY BROWN & BIGELOW, ST. PAUL, U.S.A.

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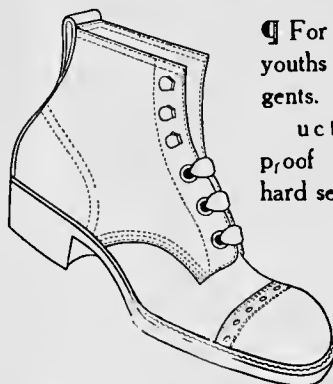
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LEWIS A. MERRILL, Editor
Vermont Bldg., Salt Lake City

JAMES M. KIRKHAM, Manager
Lehi, Utah

JUST WANDERING AND WONDERING

By Wil. T. Morris.

Seized in the grasp of a restless suspense,
After the toil of day,
Conscious of fast-crowding thoughts so intense
That from self I seemed carried away;
Wandering and wondering, predestined my course,
My path I unthinkingly chose,
To a place where mute solitude wielded such force,
I was lost in the land of "Suppose."

Suppose that affection and love should die,
And passionate sympathy leave
No cause for a tear, no response to a sigh,
No soul in which one could believe.
Suppose that the rose ne'er suggested sweet thoughts
No glee in the song of the bird,
No sentiment read from for-get-me-nots,
No call for the kindly word.

Suppose that no mother would listen or care,
When a child's little heart seems breaking;
Suppose that extremes of death and despair,
Ne'er set any heart to aching.
Suppose no music e'er stirred the soul
No passion depicted in art;
No kindly affection e'er came to console
The lonely troubled heart.

As I wandered, I wondered if, after all,
The brilliancy that we possess,
Isn't lured from our friends by affection's call,
And sympathy's bland address.
And I wonder if those who would know of God
By gazing into the skies,
Couldn't sense the divine without leaving the sod,
In some loved ones' loving eyes.



THE "MORMON" TABERNACLE CHOIR ON THE APEX OF HILL CUMORAH.

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Six Thousand Miles With the "Mormon" Tabernacle Choir.

Impressions of the Manager.

VII.

AT THE HILL CUMORAH.

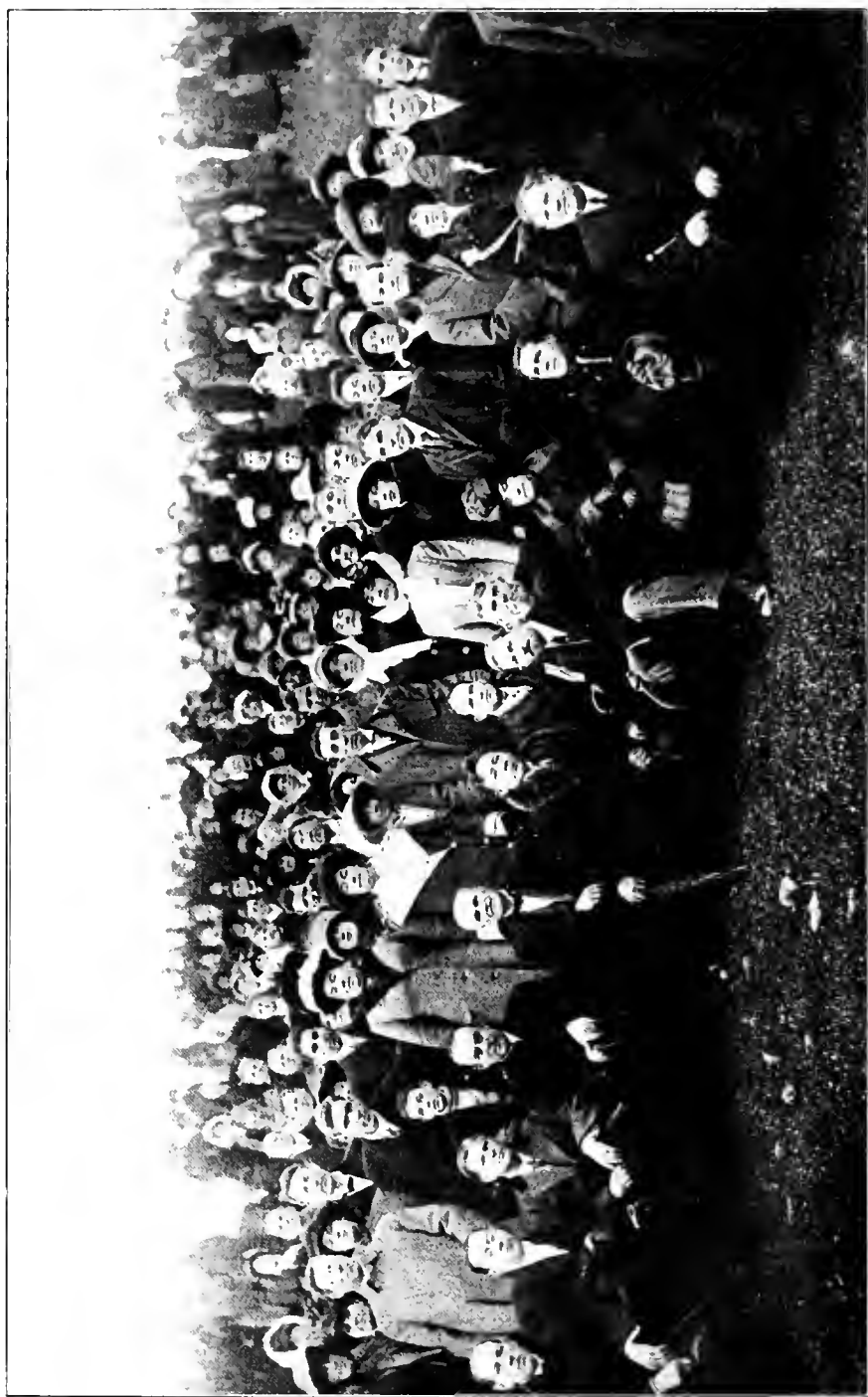
Tuesday, October 31st, 1911, was a memorable day for the Tabernacle Choir party. By special invitation of the First Presidency of the Church, a side trip had been planned to the Hill Cumorah. After a night's rest on the sleeping coaches at Rochester, we breakfasted at the depot restaurant, and it was remarked by the restaurant proprietor that the cigar stand was not visited once, and the coffee tank was untouched. Our train left Rochester at eight a. m., and thirty minutes later our eager and expectant party arrived at the Palmyra station. We had hoped for a dry and sunshiny

day but were doomed to disappointment. It was a wet, drizzly morning, though not very cold. The highways, usually well taken care of, were muddy, and this added to the difficulties of transportation. Everything on wheels in the town was put into action. Even the old "Marion Stage" which had been stored away a generation ago, was brought into requisition, but still the service was far from adequate, and many vehicles had to return to the train and other points for a second load.

The Hill Cumorah—known to the local people as "Mormon Hill"—is owned by Mr. Pliny T. Sexton, President of the First National Bank of Palmyra. Upon our arrival in the



THE HILL CUMORAH.



THE "MORMON" TABERNACLE CHOIR ON SIDE OF HILL CUMORAIL.

town, Mr. Sexton invited the management to his office. Messrs. D. S. Spencer, Evan Stephens, David Smith, J. J. McClellan, the writer, and others accepted the invitation and were very courteously extended the freedom of the Hill Cumorah for the party. Mr. Sexton also invited the singers to return to Grange Hall where he would be pleased to exhibit to the members the first printed copy of the Book of Mormon which he had purchased from Mr. Gilbert, one of the printers of the first edition of the Book of Mormon.

Cumorah is about three miles out of the center of Palmyra, but if the weather kept any of our members from making the trip, their names have not yet been reported. Through mud and slush those Palmyra rigs splashed. The rusty hinges of the old "Marion Stage" creaked under the extra heavy load of pretty Mormon girls, but in a comparatively short time we were at our destination. Most of us had surrounded Cumorah with the spirit of mysticism; it seemed rather a place to read about and hold in sacred reverence, than to walk upon with mortal feet, and yet here we were at its foot, ready to make the ascent. Many local people watched the procession of Utahns as they climbed, with spread umbrellas, the sacred hill. Arriving at the summit, the singers stood for a moment in awed silence as if transfixed. Who could fathom their thoughts in that soul-stirring moment? Here they were on the very spot where centuries ago the armies of two contending nations fought their last desperate battle. In the storm mist to the north one could almost see the combatants rushing together in relentless fury. Then in fancy the battle ceased and nothing was heard but the gentle falling rain and the realization that it was here the sacred record of the people of this continent was buried centuries ago, to be brought forth in our day to usher in a new dispensation—the dispensation of the full-

ness of times. Here the boy prophet was shown the golden plates, and later received them at the hands of a heavenly messenger. Our emotions were almost overpowering. Then at a sign from Conductor Stephens, heads were bared and Cumorah resounded with "An Angel from on High" and "The Spirit of God like a Fire is Burning." The old hill, for centuries at least, had not received such a baptism of song, and the many villagers from nearby towns who had braved the inclement weather to witness the invasion of the "Mormons" stood with open-mouthed wonder at the unusual scenes.

While many regretted the wet day, personally I enjoyed the contrast with the visit made in July. At that time I ascended the hill in a sweltering sun. The heat was almost beyond endurance. I crawled up to the apex of Cumorah prostrated with the heat, sank down upon the ground, and thanked the Lord that the Latter-day Saints, through the providences of God, had not been permitted to make that place their permanent abode, but had been forced to seek new homes in the valleys of the mountains. With renewed ardor, love of home and of the mountains was impressed upon me, and I felt that I could shout "Utah we Love Thee" from the mountain tops the rest of my days. This also led to the thought expressed by some of our writers that every blow the Mormons received up to the time of their coming to Utah brought them some blessing, and exemplified the beautiful lines of the poet:

"'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up
Whose golden rounds are our calamities."

But I am leaving my party on the hill Cumorah too long, for we have other places of interest to visit today.

From Cumorah the singers and their friends were taken over the Stafford road to the old Joseph Smith home. Here Mr. Wm. Avery Chapman, the present occupant, showed the visitors every possible courtesy, pointing out the various places of interest.

Down the lane about three hundred yards was the sacred grove where the prophet saw in vision the Father and the Son, and where he heard the words "This is my beloved Son, hear him." In this sacred grove, Joseph was told to follow none of the religious sects, for they were all wrong and the creeds an abomination in the sight of the Lord, that their professors were all corrupt, "That they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men: having a form of godliness but they deny the power thereof."

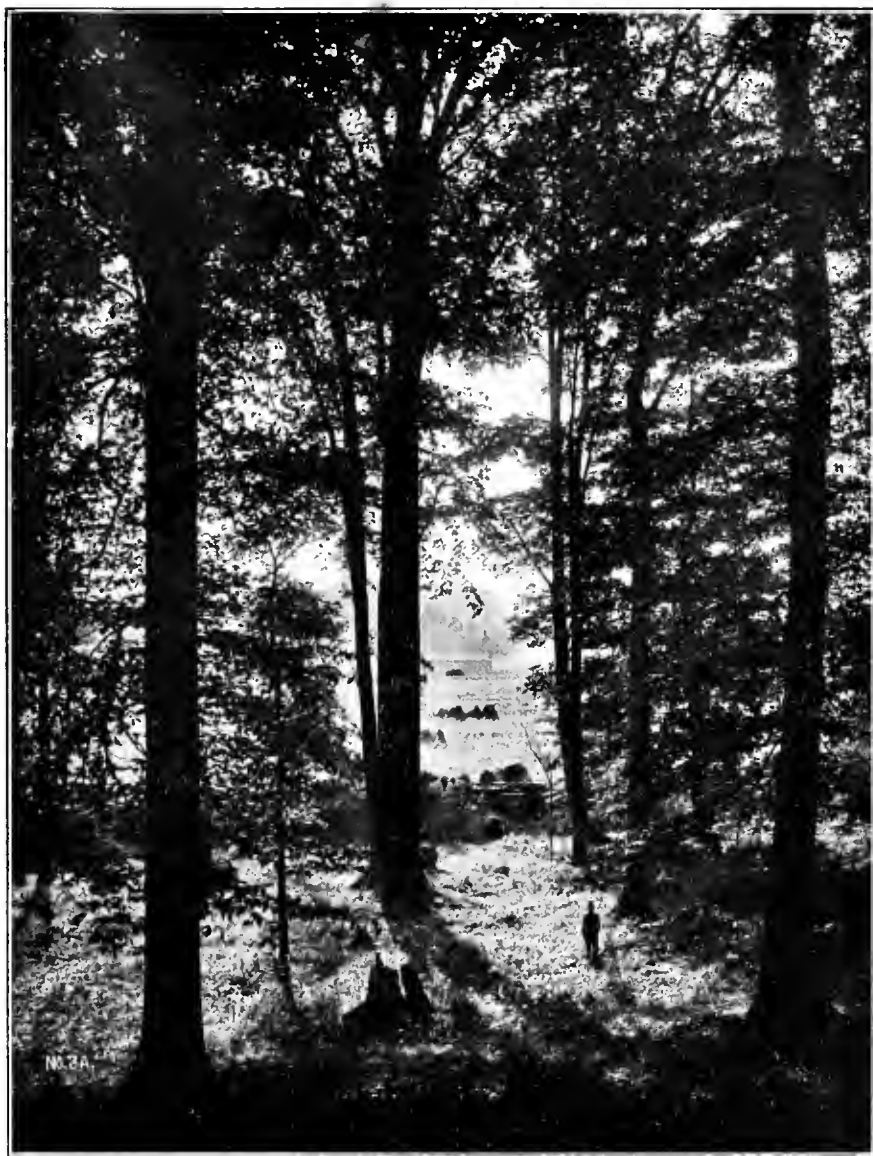
From the Joseph Smith home we went to the Powers Hotel, Palmyra, where the landlord, W. A. Powers, served two hundred and fifty of us with the best little meal enjoyed on our trip so far. After a song in the hotel corridor our party went to the Grange Hall where Mr. Sexton, in fulfillment of his promise, exhibited the first proof

sheets of the Book of Mormon. These are usually kept under a glass case, and the privilege of handling the leaves was considered a great honor by the visitors. Mr. Sexton made a brief address of welcome and spoke in a friendly and happy vein, referring to all as members of a great family bound for a common goal. After singing two hymns the members were whisked off to the New York Central Train bound for Syracuse.

In spite of the weather the day was most successful. It required much patience and labor to keep our enraptured singers moving from one spot to another so as to arrive at the train in time for a prompt departure. The points of interest from a birds-eye view seemed like a big checker board with the men always on the move; but with Dan Spencer at Palmyra, Bishop Hyrum Smith at Cumorah, Bishop David Smith and the writer at the Smith Home, we were able to keep all mov-



THE JOSEPH SMITH HOME AT PALMYRA.



THE SACRED GROVE.

ing until every one was in his berth without accident or harm to a single soul.

And such a day it had been! As we sank back exhausted in our comfortable Pullmans, it all seemed like a beautiful dream. In addition to the physical pleasure enjoyed, the spiritual feast was never to be forgotten. Our faith was increased and I heard at least

one man say that he had been working in the Church thirty years without any knowledge of the truth of the Gospel, but that the Spirit which had accompanied him on his visit to Florence, Kirtland and Cimarron, and other places, had borne him a strong and undying testimony of the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith, and the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



By John Henry Evans.

The company was encamped at the foot of Little Mountain. It was the last encampment that they would have to make. That is why they had driven later than usual. One more day would bring them into the Valley—if nothing happened!

What jubilation there had been when these Saints, weary with the long journey over the plains, had stood that morning on Big Mountain and viewed for the first time their future home—the Valley! The men and boys threw up their caps and shouted. The women stood there mute with joy, their eyes glistening. It was at last nearly ended, that long, tedious, disagreeable march. And now they had made their last camp. Only one more short day was between them and the fruition of their hopes—if nothing happened!

Captain Nettlesome ordered an earlier start than usual the morning of that last day. He knew that Mrs. Smith's cows were lost in the brush back there between Big Mountain and Little Mountain. Between you and me, that is why he ordered the early start. He knew better than anybody else that the day which stood between them and Salt Lake Valley was a short day and that he could start even later than usual and get there before dark a good while—if nothing happened.

"All well with you, Mrs. Smith?"

No one knew better that all was *not* well with Mrs. Smith. But he had to have some sort of excuse for his action.

"My cows are lost, Father Nettlesome."

"Cows lost!" he exclaimed in the

utmost astonishment. "Cows lost! Well, we can't delay the company on your account. We'll have to go on, just the same. Maybe you c'n catch up."

Catch up, indeed! As if a poor widow could catch up with great strapping fellows of men!

"You go on, Captain," she said, as he turned away. "I said I'd not be any trouble to you, nor ask you for any help, and I won't. You can go on for all of me. I can shift. Maybe I will catch up, as you say."

The captain looked at her suspiciously as she uttered these last words, as if more was in them than met the ear.

Joseph thought, "Yes, mother, and you said more than that. You said you would beat the captain into the valley!" But he didn't say anything. He wondered, though, how that prediction could be fulfilled. The prospect looked very dark.

And so the captain and all the rest of the company pulled out, leaving Mrs. Smith and her family there, waiting for the cows to be found.

The day before, as the company came down Big Mountain, only the wheel teams had been left on the wagons, the rest had been turned loose and driven behind. Somehow Mrs. Smith's cows had got separated from the oxen and been lost. John had been sent back to hunt them early this morning and had not returned yet. He might be back pretty soon, but he might be gone all day. Had this happened at any other time of the journey, Captain Nettlesome would most read-

ily have delayed the company, for that would be an excellent opportunity to prove part of the widow's prediction a false utterance. But no such opportunity had occurred before. And the man was anxious to prove the rest of it false—that part in which she said she would beat him to the Valley. No wonder he went out of camp with a chuckle in his mouth and an ample supply of smiles up his sleeve for the next ten years.

The several persons in Mrs. Smith's family watched with anxious eyes the pulling out of the teams one by one. Not a soul of them but had in his mind the prediction she had made at the beginning. How could it be fulfilled now? John would probably not come for some time, many hours, it might be, and even if he came now, they would be the last wagon in the train. The captain would see that they did not pass him at least.

Gradually, as these thoughts took shape, the company was worming and wriggling itself up Little Mountain. It was a steep drive, and hard. Every work animal in camp was called into requisition now. And every man, too. No one was permitted to ride. Joseph watched every detail. Now the teams were twisting and wrenching, now they would stop suddenly. Whereupon the men would spring to the hind wheels and block them, so that they would not go back an inch. The struggle was hard—extremely.

Hour after hour passed with the Smiths. They tell us, people do who have never waited for anything, least of all the fulfillment of a prophecy made by a lone widow, that every hour has sixty minutes. The school books have the same statement in them. But that is an error—so far as some hours are concerned. For I know positively that some hours have ten million minutes. If you don't believe it, you just wait for a street car some day when you're late to work or to school. Or just wait for Christmas, or your folks to come home some dark night when

you are all alone in the house. And so if I could have my way, I should do away with the whole miserable standard that says, "Sixty seconds make a minute, sixty minutes make an hour," and so on to the end of the fraud. I would have it so much *experience* makes a second, so much experience makes a minute, and the rest.

I know *that* measurement would have suited Joseph better as he stood there looking now at the wriggling teams, now in every direction for the least sign of John with the returning cows.

When he had stood there several hours of that minute measurement, he turned suddenly to Mrs. Smith—

"Mother! What's the matter up there on the hill? Something's wrong!"

Mrs. Smith looked up. The company was nearly to the top. But something was wrong!

"Why, I *do* believe it's a storm!" she said.

And sure enough it was. Evidently the rain or hail pelted them furiously. The men ran everywhither, not knowing exactly what to do. The cattle refused to stand still. They would break loose from the wagons, or at least move them away from the blocks, for the men could not stay there in all that storm; and then the wagons would go tumbling down the hill side. That would be work and worry. So everybody unhitched his teams. But as soon as they were unlatched, they broke loose and ran for dear life not knowing where to go. The men, women, and children, too, sought shelter wherever they could find it.

The whole thing had happened in a few minutes. *There* were ten or twelve hours crowded into this space of time—it proved to be just twenty-four hours! But not a drop of rain fell, apparently, anywhere else, nor a hail, nor yet anything but the softest breath of wind. It was the more astonishing, this storm, because the day had opened so brightly. True, some soft



white clouds flecked the sky overhead. But who would have supposed that those innocent-looking vessels held water that would deluge the belaboring company. And of all places on that mountain! Surely, the captain would not have believed it.

"I wish John would come now," observed Mrs. Smith. "There's our opportunity, Joseph!"

The same thing was manifestly in both of their minds.

Well, as if to answer her thought, if here didn't come John driving the lost cows before him!

You may be sure that every Smith in the party and every one who was *not* a Smith, turned in and had those oxen and horses and cows yoked and hitched up in a jiffy. There was no time to lose. Maybe they could pass the company before the cattle were rounded up. To be sure, it would take them hours to reach the point. But it might take the men *hours* also to find the stock.

Anyway, off they went.

"It's a good thing we've got James with us," remarked Joseph as the teams wriggled and twisted up the mountain.

That was James Lawson who had come to meet Mrs. Smith with a team of horses and a wagon from Salt Lake. He had come out here the year before with one of Mrs. Smith's teams. He

therefore knew the way to the Valley.

Mrs. Smith made no comment. She only reflected.

Meantime, up the hill wormed her wagons, eight of them now—up and up, inch by inch, as it seemed. For here again our scheme of measurement ought to be changed from so much distance to so much exertion to cover distance.

At last they reached the company. All but one of the men were out hunting animals! That one was Captain Nettlesome.

"What's the matter, captain?" James Lawson innocently inquired. He did not know of Mrs. Smith's prediction about the Valley.

"Mind your business, will you!" came the quick retort.

"If I should speak my mind, now," James went on, "I should say you had been doing something wrong to have this judgment come upon you."

"Keep your mind to yourself. Nobody wants it. It's a small parcel, anyhow!"

But James would *not* for some reason keep his mind to himself. "It didn't rain a speck where we were. And I don't believe now that it did any where else. It's a judgment—that's what it is!"

The captain only gave him a black look, that would have withered any man who didn't believe the recent

storm to be a judgment of Providence.

Mrs. Smith could not refrain from a parting shot. She said—

"Well, *I* didn't do this, anyway, Father Nettlesome!"

Their train drove past the silent and blocked wagons. They were sorry in their hearts for every member in the company—save one. But they drove on. Each foot of ground divided the two parties more than an outsider would think.

That evening early the eight wagons rolled into the small town in Salt Lake

Valley. No other wagons were in sight!

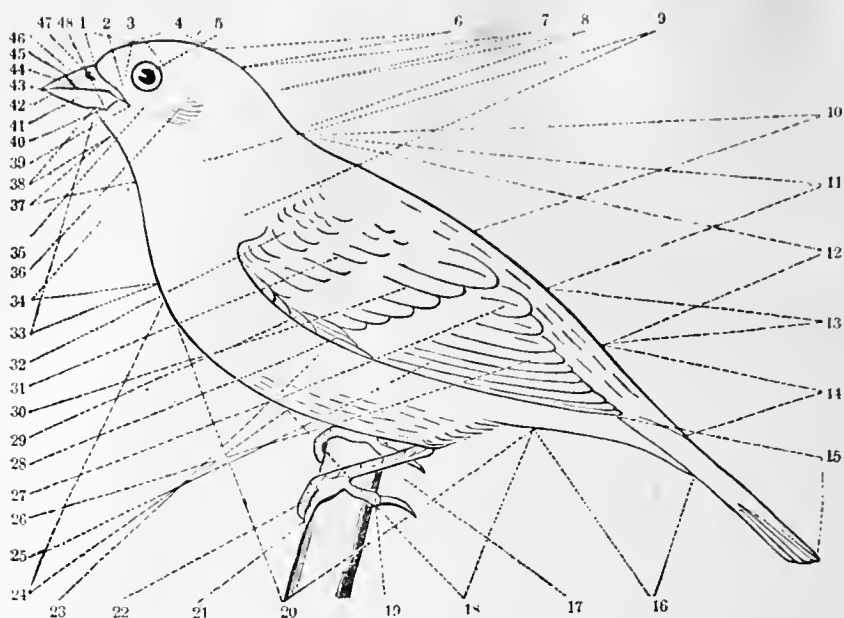
Next day being Sunday, all the Smith party went to meeting in the bowery. President Young and President Kimball were the speakers.

That evening came Captain Nettlesome's company, the captain at the head. A large crowd surrounded them, including Mrs. Smith and Joseph. Somehow the only words the boy could hear all the time were—

"I'll beat you to the Valley, too, and, that without asking any help from you, either!"



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The Birds.

By Claude T. Barnes.

M. S. P. R.; M. B. S. W.; M. A. O. U.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous be-
ings these?

Do you ne'er think who made them, and
who taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in
many keys,

Sweeter than instruments of man e'er
caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half way houses on the way to heav-
en!"

—Longfellow in "Birds of Killingworth."

Few men can long study the natural sciences without an ever-increasing awe of that mysterious presence we call divine. At one time the microscope startles us with a sight so incredibly beautiful that it were futile to attempt to describe it; at another time, some animal or bird will so act that we are convinced instantly of a strange kinship between its soul and ours. And the field is limitless: one might spend years of research on the life to be found on a square yard of lawn, or a lifetime in but one department of science. Only a tithe of

the knowledge sought can be found in books: a million insects still fly nameless; and dozens of flowers and birds, some of which you have probably seen, are awaiting only the trained eye to give them a place in man's catalog of nature.

I know of no science the pursuit of which leads to more comfort and unalloyed joy than that of ornithology (Gr. *ornithos*, of a bird; *logos*, a discourse), the study of birds. It has both an economic and an aesthetic side; and, furthermore, by reason of the lonely strolls afield, which it encourages, it induces that silent contemplation, which, after all, is the basis of creative genius and philosophic advancement. It being our purpose, therefore, to consider, hereafter somewhat in detail, the species of birds peculiar to the intermountain region, it behoves us to master at the start such portion of the technique of the science as will make comprehensible our later observations.

Obviously the neophyte in ornith-

ology should confine his attentions to the topography of a bird, that is, to its external parts; for only years of experience with the scalpel can make worth while his study of the bones (osteology), the nervous systems (neurology), the muscles (myology), the circulatory systems (angiology), the respiratory system (pneumatology), the digestive system (splanchnology) and the uro-genital organs (oology) of birds. These all presuppose scientific training of a special nature; but everyone should know how to describe correctly a bird seen through an opera glass or held in the hand. "Head", "neck", "trunk" and "tail" are of course useful terms but scarcely a bird could be identified from a description giving merely the colors of these parts; the exterior of the body is therefore mapped out with great detail. It is absolutely essential to know the names of these regions as they are used incessantly in ornithology. The closest attention should be given the figure reproduced herewith, as from it the most technical description can be sufficiently understood.

Unless you are somewhat of a taxidermist, capable of making and preserving a bird skin, I should not advise the shooting of birds for identification; in fact, every bird killed should eventually make its way into some private or public collection. It would take an entire chapter to indicate the *modus operandi* of "stuffing" a bird; but I shall gladly give information to anyone sufficiently interested to communicate with me on the subject. Opera glasses are a most valuable asset to the ornithologist, as by their use, birds can be identified at a safe distance and their movements carefully watched. One should always have a note book handy as even the common robin or English sparrow may do something before your eyes, which no one else has ever noticed.

My experience has led me to believe that, at first, the greatest atten-

tion should be given the bill of a bird, for probably no other point will so assist you in placing the specimen in its proper family. It is all very well to know that the essential character of the *Turdidae* (Thrushes) is, booted tarsi and ten primaries; and that the *Fringillidae* (Finches) have nine primaries; but practice will soon teach you to detect at sight the characteristic thrush bill or the peculiar conirostral (Lat. *conus*, a cone) bill of the great finch family.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the real difficulty in ornithology comes when one attempts to differentiate birds of the same subgenus. For instance, you may secure a bird which at first sight you are confident is an English sparrow (*P. domesticus*); closer observation, let us say, will prove that you are mistaken, and, finally, you may discover that it is one of the following: a Western Vesper Sparrow (*P. Gramineus confinis*), a Western Savanna Sparrow (*A. s. alaudinus*), a Gambel Sparrow (*Z. l. gambelii*), a Western Chipping Sparrow (*S. s. arizonae*) or a Song Sparrow (*M. cinerea melodia*). The experienced eye would either recognize the bird aright at once or bring it down to at least one of two species; but when we consider that one out of every seven birds one takes is apt to be a sparrow of some variety, it must not be thought that the ornithologist has no trouble. Sometimes you will be hopelessly off the track despite the most assiduous research, as, for instance, when you take a bird that so resembles a Virginia warbler that you are positive it is a warbler of some kind, and expert advice shows that what you really have, is a Ruby-crowned Kinglet, which belongs to another family entirely, but which on account of its diminutive size and small thin bill, does very much resemble the warblers. Only years of experience, therefore, can give one perfect confidence in this matter of identification.

As we shall see, practically all of our

birds are useful. My researches are convincing me that even the English sparrow is not so bad as he is painted. It should be the duty of every bird lover, therefore, to take note of the feeding habits of the birds he observes, as thereon rests the great economic value of the science. Their rapturous songs, their tender feelings, the beauty of their plumage—all these will be felt more keenly the more we understand our feathered friends.

TOPOGRAPHY OF A BIRD.

1, forehead (*frons*); 2, lore (*lorum*); 3, circumocular region (Ophthalmic region, *Regio ophthalmica*), orbital or circumorbital region,—itself subdivided into supra-orbital (upper), infra-orbital (under), ante-orbital (front) and post-orbital (back) regions; 4, crown (vertex) or corona; 5, eye (the eyelids are called the *palpebrae* and the points where the eyelids meet are, in front, the *anterior canthus*, behind, *posterior canthus*); 6, hind head (*occiput*), the whole top of the head is called *pilum*; 7, nape (*nucha*) or nuchal region; 8, hind neck (*cervix*) or cervical region, which includes the *auchenium* or that portion of the hind neck nearest the back or "scruff" of the neck; 9, side of the neck (*parauchenium*); 10, interscapular region covered with scapulars (*Pennae scapulares*); 11, dorsum or back proper including the upper back (interscapulium) or *dorsum anticum* and lower back (*tergum*) or *dorsum posticum*; 12, *notacum* or upper part of body proper including 10, 11 and 13; 13, rump (*uropygium*); 14, upper tail coverts (*calypteria superiores*); 15, tail (*cauda*); 16, under tail coverts (*calypteria inferiores*) frequently included by the anal region (*crissum*); 17, tarsus, which includes the instep or front of tarsus (*acrotarsium*), the side of tarsus (*paratarsium*), back of tarsus (*planti tarsi*), which is homologically, the sole (planta), the heel (*calcaneus*; *tolus*), the spur (*calcar*) and the *scutellae* or plates on the tarsus, (a tarsus is "scutellate" when covered with transverse or polygonal scales and "booted" when the anterior face is covered with a continuous horny plate not divided into *scutellae*); 18, abdomen including the epigaster (*epigastrium*), the anterior portion of the abdomen next to the breast, the belly

(venter) or hinder portion of abdomen next to the crissum, the flanks (hypochondria) or sides of the soft parts of the body and the humeral region (*regio humeralis*) or the anterior portion of the sides where the wing is implanted; 19, hind toe (*hallux*); it is "insistent" (*insistens*) when the tip at least touches the ground, "incumbent" (*incumbens*) when its whole under surface touches the ground, and "elevated" (*elevatus*; *amotus*) when the tip does not touch the ground at all; 20, *gastraeum* or the whole under part of a bird including 18 and 24 (that portion of the under side which includes the breast and abdomen is called the ventral region (*regio ventralis*)); 21, outer or fourth toe; 22, middle or third toe; 23, side of the body (*pleurae*); 24, breast (*pectus*, adj. "pectoral"); 25, primaries; hand quills; quills of the first series (*remiges primariae*); 26, secondaries; secondary quills; quills of the second series; arm quills; (*remiges secundarii*; *pennae cubili*); 27, tertials; tertiaries (*penna tertiariae*); numbers 25, 26, 27 constitute the *remiges* or wing quills as a whole; 28, primary coverts (*tectrices primariae*); 29, *alula* or bastard wing; 30, greater coverts (*tectrices majores*); 31, median coverts (*tectrices mediae*); 32, lesser coverts (*tectrices minores*); 33, throat or fore-neck (guttur) including 34 and 37; 34, jugulum or lower throat; 35, auriculars or feathers overlying the ear opening (the external opening of the ear is called *meatus auditorius*); the parotic region (*regio parotica*) is the space around the ears; 36, malar region (*regio malaris*) or simply *mala* (the outside of the base of the lower jaw); 37, *gula* or middle throat; 38, *mentum* or chin; 39, angle of commissure or corner of mouth (*angulus oris*); 40, *ramus* (pl. *rami*) or the *gnathidia*, the branches or forks of the under mandible, (from the meeting of the branches to the tip, the under mandible is called *myxa* or *Symphysis*); 41, the under mandible (*mandibula*) the horny covering of which is called the "*gnothotheca*;" 42, *gonys* or keel (lower outline of the bill); 43, apex or tip (*dentrum*) of bill; 44, *tomia* or cutting edges of the jaws, thus *maxillary tomium* (upper) and *mandibular tomium* (lower); 45, *culmen*, the ridge of the upper mandible; 46, maxilla, upper jaw; upper mandible, the horny covering of which is called the "*rhinotheca*;" 47, nostrils (*nares*); 48, *capister* (*capistrum*) or the anterior portion of the head all around the base of the bill.

Hosoda Kiyo.

In the northern part of Japan, on the island of Hokkaido, is Sapporo, a modern city built after the style of Salt Lake. Its streets are unusually broad, for Japan, and the mode of building is foreignized to a certain extent. The climate is temperate. Snow lies on the ground over four months of the year.

Four Elders are working in and around this city, tracting, holding meetings, and trying to interest the parents and children in the Sunday Schools. They have three schools started and running, with fair success. One is held on Saturday afternoon, one Sunday morning, and the other Sunday afternoon. The Outlines are used, and the memory gems, as given in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR are memorized each Sunday.

Although parents and children are non-members of the Church, the attendance is usually good. But sometimes during summer vacation some children forget when Sunday comes. This is because the older people count by days of the month, instead of by days of the week. While attending school, students have a rest on Sunday, but most all other people know no Sunday; they work day after day, looking forward to one day a month for a holiday.

Notwithstanding such draw-backs, the Sapporo Sunday School is progressing. It has converted two faithful sisters, who now have their hearts and souls in the work as teachers. They are Kato Yuki and Kato Hana. Their faith and diligence give the Elders encouragement and spirit to work.

There is also in this school the best Sunday School girl in Japan, and perhaps the most diligent in all the world. She is Hosoda Kiyo, age twelve years. About five years ago she came to this school for the first time, and has not been absent once since. Preparation and punctuality are as important to her as attendance.

Although a child, her faith is strong. One Saturday evening she became quite ill, and was no better the next morning. They sent for a doctor, but as he was too slow in coming, her father went to call him the second time. During his absence Kiyosan got up and came to Sunday School. No amount of persuasion could get her to return until Sunday School was out. And when she did return she was well.

While talking with her class-mates she tells those who say they are busy,



that she also has work at home, but that is no excuse for staying away from Sunday School. Rather than miss a Sunday when Sunday School and Public School parties conflict, she has come extra early to see if it couldn't be possible to hold an extra session.

Having such a student, the Sapporo Sunday School is proud in sending her photo to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

WILLIAM S. ELLIS.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY, - SEPTEMBER, 1912

Family Devotion.

Frequent changes and new conditions of life bring with them certain attendant evils against which it is necessary to guard ourselves. Those at all acquainted with the mode of living of the early settlers of the West realize that many and striking changes in the home and its environments have taken place.

The home in its divinely established order is one of the greatest safeguards against that sordid selfishness which is so cold and calculating in all its purposes. In such a home there are little personal sacrifices which parents and children gladly make for each other's comfort. Benefits and opportunities are divided and misfortunes shared for the common good. The interests and business of one are the concern of all. There was in those earlier times a genuine kind of wholesome family "united order," and all

strove to help supply the common store-house from which all were fed and clothed.

New conditions have arisen. The sons and daughters are now, to a large extent, employed in various occupations, have separate incomes, different associates, and therefore they too often lose that sympathy and mutual interest and good-will in and for each other which characterized the family life of earlier days. As a consequence, the spirit of selfishness and exclusion arises, and with that separation of sympathies and interests there also comes rivalries, jealousies, and their attendant contentions, until, in time, the home spirit, interest and love is destroyed, and the real home is ruined, and it becomes a mere house for lodgers.

Such unhappy changes as these are further aggravated by the introduction of "flats" where exclusion becomes all the more pronounced and where the rules of the new theory and modes of life often put unnatural and wicked limitations upon the divine law of increase and the rearing of children. The modern flat demands a somber solitude removed from the innocent prattle, joys and sorrows of childhood. The flat is not a neighborhood where brotherly interests and mutual helpfulness are either sought or found. The flat is, perhaps, the surest means yet devised to smother and destroy the brotherhood of man, and it is fast abolishing the old-time pleasant associations, joys and mutual sorrows of neighborhood friendships, brotherly affiliations, home, and kindred ties.

It is not easy to stem the tide of

this new and incoming mode of life. And we think that wherever it fastens itself upon mankind they should at least use their best endeavors to limit, as much as possible, its evils. Our young people are admonished and repeatedly counseled to obtain for themselves homes of their own in which there may be erected the sacred family altar, around which sincere family unity and love and family devotion may be entwined. They are counseled to establish homes that will become sacred to the memories of their children and to their children's children after them. There is no equal or adequate substitute for the joys and blessings of such a home. Its true value cannot be measured in dollars and cents. The narrow selfishness of youth which leads to the avoidance of and disregard for the blessings of such a home will bring upon its victims in old age the punishment of loneliness and desertion by the cold indifference of the younger life which may surround them. Our young people are warned that all bargains by which the home is neglected and family life sacrificed are just so many snares and delusions. Such bargains carry with them not only the loss of family devotion but the destruction of the true intent of the family life with all the comforting support which it gives to maturer years and the blessings which it brings to the human heart.

If children are trained in the home to feel a mutual helpfulness as well as dependence one upon the other and they are taught to contribute to the common fund of all that is highest and best in family life, they will accumulate a store of happiness from which to draw in after years. Youth is that period of life which is most susceptible to the delusions and sophistries of the world, and there is no greater delusion than the belief that there can be any substitute for a devoted and united family life built upon the foundation of a God-ordained purpose.

It should always be borne in mind that "marriage is ordained of God unto man." That "the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man in the Lord;" that the very first marriage ceremony, uniting man and woman in the holy bond of wedlock, as husband and wife, was performed by God Himself; that accompanying that ceremony a blessing was pronounced and the command given to "multiply and replenish the earth;" that that command has never been revoked, that it is still in force; that obedience to it entitles one to God's blessing and that the curse of disobedience to God's command, of blighted hopes, unhappiness and utter failure of filling God's purposes and man's exaltation will follow such disobedience and disregard to God's holy will.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

FORGET

By Grace Ingles Frost.

Forget the grudge that last year bred,
And think the thoughts of love instead.
What tho' you've been misunderstood
Pray have not others quite as good
Oft been the same?



It matters not how great the wrong
Done unto you, to harbor long
A vengeful mood doth rob of beauty
Your own life, and wrests from duty
Her reward.



SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay
and Stephen L. Richards.*



SACRAMENT GEM FOR OCTOBER.

While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR OCTOBER.

SUBJECT—SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

FIRST SUNDAY—BELIEF OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

(From the Articles of Faith.)

“Article 7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.”

SECOND SUNDAY—DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

(I Corinthians 12:4, 8.)

4—Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit.

8—For to one is given, by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, by the same spirit; * * *

THIRD SUNDAY—DIVERSITY OF GIFTS (Continued).

(I Corinthians 12:9, 10.)

9—To another faith, by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing, by the same Spirit;

10—To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues.”

NOTE.—For methods of presenting concert recitations see *Juvenile Instructor*, for January, 1912, pp. 22, 23.

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.

The Nickel Fund For 1912.

October is the month in which to collect the Nickel fund. This fund is for the purpose of defraying the general expenses of the Sunday School work in all the world. The moneys collected go to pay railway fares of General Board members who visit the stakes by special appointment, office rents and expenses, stationery, and the many legitimate requirements of the Sunday School organization.

A donation of at least five cents is asked once a year from every enrolled member of the school, including the parents' classes. People of means can make larger donations if they so desire. All moneys so collected belong to this fund and should not be diverted to any other purpose. For instance: If a school collects more than one hundred per cent on account of the fund it should all be turned over to the stake treasurer, who deducts twenty per cent for stake purposes and forwards eighty per cent to the general treasurer. Some schools have retained all amounts collected over one hundred per cent for local purposes and sent the balance to the stake treasurer. This is not right because these donations are made for a specific purpose and should all be forwarded to the stake treasurer.

The system adopted last year for the collection of the Fund was very successful and we call the attention of superintendents to it again.

The Nickel envelopes will be deliv-

ered in September. On the first Sunday in October, let enough be given to each teacher to supply all the members of the class. The teachers should write the names of the pupils upon the envelopes and deliver them on the first two Sundays in October. If any members of the class are absent on both Sundays, their envelopes should be sent them by neighboring pupils, or, better still, delivered by the teacher personally. Here may be a splendid opportunity to call upon absentees. If this method is followed every pupil will receive an envelope—an important item in this collection. On the other two Sundays of October the collections should be made, the last Sunday being utilized to close up the fund and make the report. In this way the matter can be taken care of and cleaned up in the month of October, and it will be a relief to Sunday School superintendents to have the business out of the way.

If any superintendents have a better way of collecting the fund than the one now suggested, they, of course, are at liberty to follow it; but if they are desirous of trying a new plan, the one we offer has the approval of the General Superintendency.

Please remember that this fund as collected should be turned over immediately to the stake treasurer, who, in turn, after deducting twenty per cent for stake purposes, should forward the balance to the General Treasurer, John F. Bennett, 44 E. South Temple St., Salt Lake City.

A PRESENT DUTY.

However good you may be you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and however slight they may be, you had better make some effort to get rid of them.—Colton.

Librarians' Department.

Levi W. Richards, Chairman; John M. Mills, Howard R. Driggs.

Books for the Home Library (Continued).

[Prepared by Karen M. Jacobson, Library Organizer of Utah.]

FICTION —Continued.

8-H.	S. Bennett, J.	Master Skylark.....	Century	1.50
		A story of Shakespeare's time.		
5-7	Brooks, N.	Boy Emigrants.....	Scribner	1.25
		Experiences of boys who crossed the country to California in the time of the gold fever of '49.		
	H. S. Brown H. D.	Two College Girls.....	Houghton	1.25
		Excellent picture of college life.		
	Clemens, S.	Prince and the Pauper.....	Harper	1.75
		A charming story by Mark Twain, too little read.		
5-7	Defoe D.	Life and Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, illustrated by E. Boyd Smith.....	Houghton	1.50
		A beautiful edition of this great classic illustrated in color, which should be the familiar friend of every child.		
8-H.	S. Dix B. M.	Merrylips.....	Macmillan	1.50
		An excellent story in atmosphere and plot. A little maid held as hostage by the Roundheads makes her escape.		
6-8	Dodge, Mrs. M. M.	Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates.....	Scribner	1.50
		Of more value than many books of travel. The story of a brother and sister whose father is injured on the dykes in Holland.		
7-8	Duncan N.	Adventures of Billy Topsail	Revell	1.50
		An unusually strong, wholesome story of adventure. Scene laid in Labrador.		
8-H.	S. Ellis, K. R.	Wide Awake Girls.....	Little	1.50
		The heroine's experiences in Germany are particularly good though the whole story is full of originality and humor.		
6-7	Ewing, Mrs. J. H.	Jackanapes and Other Tales.....	Little	.50
		The heroism of an English Soldier.		
7-8		Story of a Short Life.....	Page	.50
		A sad story of a boy who becomes a hero, but not in the way he longed for.		
7-H.	S. French H. W.	Lance of Kanana.....	Lothrop	1.00
		"It was the lance of Kanana in the hands of the Beduoin boy that rescued Arabia.		
6-8	Gould, E. L.	Felicia.....	Penn	1.00
		A good story for girls with simple natural characters and a spice of humor in handling situations.		
5-6	Hale L. P.	Peterkin Papers.....	Houghton	1.50
		Twenty-two stories, very clever and amusing.		
7-8	Hughes T.	Tom Brown's School Days.....	Macmillan	2.00
		A classic story of school life at Rugby, England.		
4-6	Jackson Mrs. H. H.	Nelly's Silver Mine.....	Little	1.50
		Colorado in the days of a great mining boom.		
5-7	Jewett, S. O.	Betty Leicester.....	Houghton	1.25
		Her summer experience on a farm.		
8-H.	S. Kipling, R.	Captains Courageous.....	Century	1.50
		A boy who is going abroad with his mother falls overboard and is picked up by a whaling vessel bound for the Newfoundland banks.		
	La Motte-Fouque, F. de	Undine, tr. by A. L. Alger.....	Ginn	.30
		The story of a water fairy "One of the best specimens of pure romance to be found in literature"		
5-6	De La Rame, L.	Nurnberg Stove.....	Lippincott	.50
		A charming story of a little boy who shows such devotion to a porcelain stove, that when it was sold he crept in and journeyed with it.		
	H. S. Montgomery, L. M.	Anne of Green Gables.....	Page	1.50
		All older girls and grown people will enjoy the wit and fun of this story.		

5-7	Morley, M. W. Donkey John of the Toy Valley	McClurg	1.25
	How Donkey John came by his name and the fame he won as a carver of toys in the valley of the Tyrol.		
7-H.	S. Pyle H. Men of Iron.....	Harper	2.00
	One of the best stories of chivalry. Written in beautiful English		
6-7	Otto of the Silver Hand.....	Scribner	2.00
	"A somewhat grim story of the days of the robber barons of Germany. In some ways quite the strongest of Mr. Pyle's books for boys and girls."		
5-7	Raspe, R. E. Tales from the Travels of Baron Munchausen; ed. by E. E. Hale	Heath	.20
	Humorous stories of absurd and impossible adventures.		
6-7	Seawell, M. E. Decatur and Somers.....	Appleton	1.00
	A graphic picture of some of the events of the Tripolitan war, including the burning of the Philadelphia.		
7-8	Shaw, F. Castle Blair.....	Heath	.50
	This is the story which John Ruskin said "is good and lovely and true, having the best description of a noble child in it (Winnie) that I ever read; and nearly the best description of the next best thing—a noble dog."		
4-6	Sherwood, Mrs. M. M. Fairchild Family.....	Stokes	1.50
	The history of the Fairchild family began in 1818 when Geo. III was on the throne.		
6-7	Smith, Mrs. M. P. W. Jolly Good Times.....	Little	1.25
	Child life on a Massachusetts Farm		
	Jolly Good Times at School.....	Little	1.25
	Sequel to the above.		
6-7	Spyri, J. Heidi, Her Years of Wandering and Learning; tr. by Louise Brooks from the German.....	Ginn	.40
	A genuine children's classic. Heidi was a little Swiss girl living in the Alps.		
6-7	Stein E. Gabriel and the Hour Book.....	Page	1.00
	Remarkably fine picture of life in an old Normandy monastery.		
6-8	True, J. P. Scouting for Washington.....	Little	1.50
	Adventures of a young spy in the days of Sumpter and Tarleton.		
7-8	Vaile, C. M. The Orcutt Girls.....	Wilde	1.50
	How some girls earn the money to go to college.		
	Sue Orcutt	Wilde	1.50
	Sequel to the above.		
H. S.	Wiggin, K. D. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.....	Houghton	1.25
	The new holiday edition is much more attractive and not very much more expensive. A very unusual picture of an original child written with much charm and insight into human nature.		
H. S.	Williams, J. L. Adventures of a Freshman.....	Scribner	1.25
	A very good college story.		
5-7	Wyss, J. S. Swiss Family Robinson, illustrated by Rhead.....	Harper	1.50
	This classic should be associated in the minds of children with a beautiful book. The Rhead Brothers have not only given great pleasure with their illustrations, but have made them so true to the region represented that they are full of information as well.		
6-7	Yonge, C. M. Little Duke, Richard the Fearless.....	Macmillan	1.25
	Left fatherless at eight, this child duke of Normandy endured the roughness and perils of the times and the customs of the court of France when he was kept a captive.		

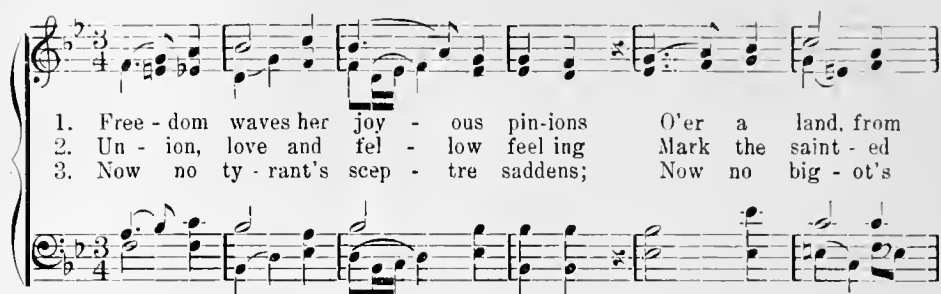
Choristers and Organists' Department.

Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhie.

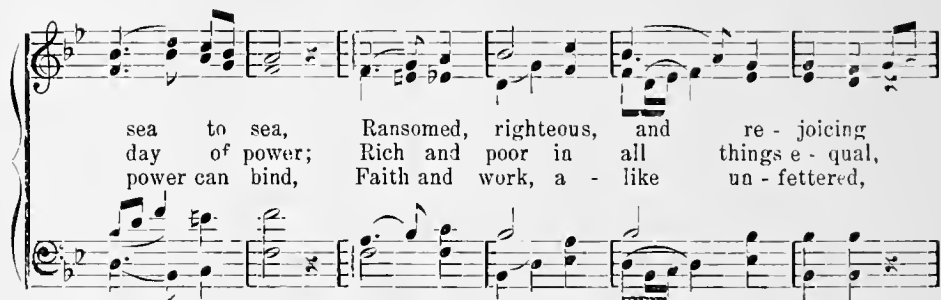
Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

EDWIN F. PARRY.



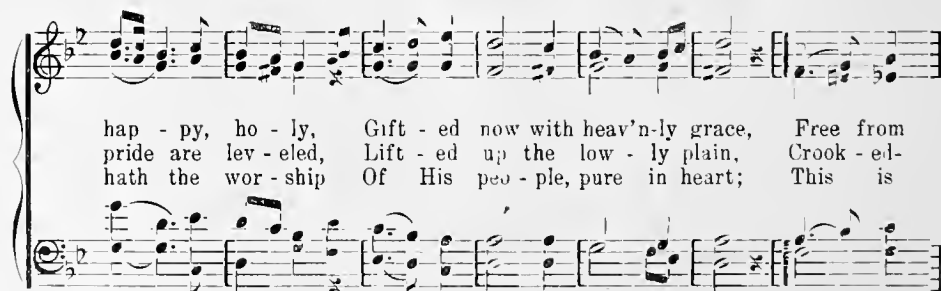
1. Free - dom waves her joy - ous pin - ions O'er a land, from
2. Un - ion, love and fel - low feel ing Mark the saint - ed
3. Now no ty - rant's scep - tre saddens; Now no big - ot's



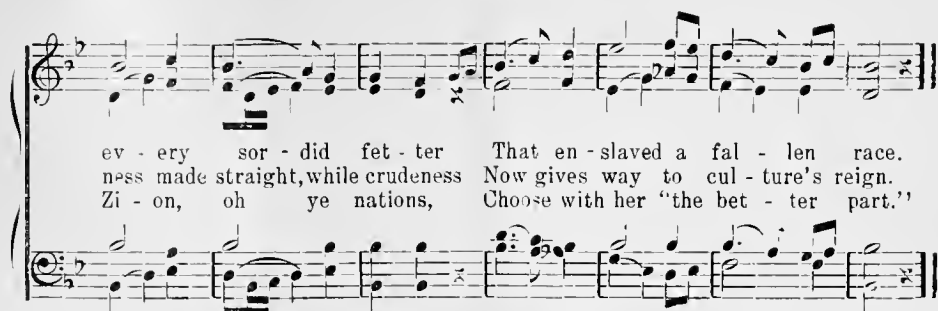
sea to sea, Ransomed, righteous, and re - joicing
day of power; Rich and poor in all things e - qual,
power can bind, Faith and work, a - like un - fettered,



In a world - wide ju - bi - lee. O'er a peo - ple
Righteous - ness their rock and tower. Moun - tain peaks of
Win the goal by heaven de - sign'd. God, not mammon,



hap - py, ho - ly, Gift - ed now with heav'n - ly grace, Free from
pride are lev - eled, Lift - ed up the low - ly plain, Crook - ed -
hath the wor - ship Of His peo - ple, pure in heart; This is



4 Crown and sceptre, sword and buckler—
 Baubles!—lay them at her foot.
 Strife no more shall vex creation;
 Christ's is now the kingly seat.
 Cities, empires, kingdoms, powers,
 In one mighty realm divine.
 She, the least and last of nations,
 Henceforth as their head shall shine.

5 'Tis thy future glory, Zion,
 Glistening in celestial rays,
 As the ocean's sunlit surging,
 Rolls upon my raptured gaze!
 All that ages past have promised,
 All that noblest minds have prized,
 All that holy lips have prayed for,
 Here at last is realized.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter, Hyrum G. Smith.

A Better Crop of Boys and Girls.

The Real Issue.

By William A. McKeever.

"In our eagerness out here in the Middle West to herald to the world the magnitude of our corn and wheat crops, the superiority of our beef cattle and thoroughbred swine, and the tremendous productiveness of our domestic hen, we are prone to lose sight of the real issue, namely, the splendid crop of strong sons and fair daughters that the country is producing. In their joyous natures we behold at once the bright sunlight of hope and the beautiful bow of promise of our future greatness and glory. Drouths and deluges may destroy our growing crops; disease and degeneration may play havoc among our cattle on a thousand hills and our treasured porkers in the alfalfa fields; yea, our boasted domestic hen may even occasionally cease her productive labors—all these calamities might conceivably come

upon us each in its turn, and yet our glory not be dimmed; provided only, that our growing boys and girls be so trained and safeguarded in the home, so educated and disciplined in the school, the church and the other institutions of the country, that they will develop into well-rounded, magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood."

Our Slogan.

Our Slogan for the past year was "Back to the Home." We hope that the spirit of that call has been caught. We trust that the time and thought devoted by our parents to that great subject has done something to check the drift away from home, to make us appreciate our duties there, and strive the more to realize the home ideal.

May the effect of these lessons on the "Business of Homemaking" continue with us constantly even though, for the time being, we shall lay them aside to discuss other vital phases of our work.

We propose for the coming season the new slogan—

A Better Crop of Boys and Girls.

Zion has always boasted that her "best crop" is her boys and girls. That "best crop" is endangered by blight, disease and a host of other poisoning influences that have been brought among us.

The day was when an apple tree could be planted in this Western Land, and it would grow to maturity, and bear clean and beautiful fruit without much attention on our part. Our pioneer fathers never knew of such a thing as wormy apples. Pests like the codling moth, the aphid, red spider, root-borer and the other plagues that destroy and blight our fruit now, were never heard of in the early days of this country.

So with boys and girls. In the days of our fathers, the child could be brought into a world, grow to maturity and never come in contact with certain contaminating influences that to-day threaten his body and soul with destruction.

The call has come to the fathers and mothers of Israel, "Get together and stand together for the purity of your homes and your children." The especial mission of the parents class is to offer opportunity for fathers and mothers of all ages and creeds to unite in a serious discussion of the evils that are threatening our boys and girls.

For the coming year, we propose a series of live lessons on the most vital topics we know, topics suggested by our workers from all parts of the Church. A discussing of these topics will help us protect Zion's Best Crop."

We have invited the leading men and women of our Church to help us discuss through the JUVENILE these subjects. They will aim at one great thought suggested in our Slogan—"A Better Crop of Boys and Girls."

The first of the series we propose is

The Blight of Boyhood.

This is an old, old story. We have

heard it ever since the days of our grandfathers. But surely the story has not roused the fighting spirit sufficiently in our hearts; for this blight is spreading every day—clutching our boys as its victims and spreading distress and sin despite every effort yet made to check its ravages.

We have heard God's Word of Wisdom on the subject, that should be sufficient; but in these days, there seems to be a spirit which demands that even God's word be verified. We, therefore, propose to examine this "Blight of Boyhood" in the light of the testimony of eminent students and thinkers. We hope that their "words of wisdom" will give us more faith in the word of the Lord and stir in us a determination to fight to a finish the *cigarette curse*.

Dr. Fred J. Pack of the University of Utah, who has been making a scientific study of the effects of tobacco on the human being, has prepared for us the following brief statements of some of his findings. The quotations given are from just a few of the many letters that have come to him from eminent men our country over. Hundreds of other testimonies just as strong, he could have given if our space had permitted.

What Dr. Fred J. Pack Finds.

I am confident that our parents do not understand even faintly the ill effects of the use of tobacco by our boys and men. They of course give assent to this doctrine as embodied in the Word of Wisdom, but if they really sensed the injury which is being done by tobacco they would rise as a single individual and never rest until this arch-enemy of human efficiency had been banished from our midst. The researches of science have recently shown that the use of tobacco and the highest degree of human attainment never go hand in hand—they are total strangers.

Do our parents know that tobacco is killing each month in the United States alone more individuals than met their death in the Titanic disaster?

Do our parents know that the use of tobacco stiffens the lungs to such an extent that their normal capacity is reduced one-tenth?

Do our parents know that the death rate from tuberculosis is very much higher among smokers than among non-smokers?

Do our parents know that boys who acquire the tobacco habit when young almost invariably leave school, because of inefficiency, before the high school is reached?

Do our parents know that in our colleges and universities the world over the average scholastic standing of the smoker is far below that of the non-smoker?

Do our parents know that the boy's vitality is so reduced by smoking that he seldom wishes to participate in athletic activities?

Do our parents know that among aspirants for places on athletic teams the non-smokers have twice the chance for success over that of the smokers?

Do our parents know that smoking makes such inroads into the boy's general morality that he almost invariably becomes untruthful?

Do our parents know that the majority of our business houses now refuse to give employment to the smoking boy?

Do our parents know that the use of tobacco leads to the use of alcohol with its attendant vices?

Whether our parents are aware of these conditions or not they none the less exist. The following statements are selected at random from a very large series now in my possession. I submit them for the consideration of our parents:

"It is lamentable that just now when our country needs the military service of her young men the examining surgeons find that ninety per cent of those rejected are habitual cigarette smokers and have weak hearts."—Dr. E. M.

Hale, emeritus, Professor of Materia Medica of Chicago Homeopathic Medical College.

"One of the worst habits in boyhood is the cigarette habit. Persisted in, it dulls and deadens all the finer moral sentiments, it makes a physical and moral wreck of any boy. It is sure to lead the victim to other habits, just as dangerous and disgusting. Years in the Juvenile court of Denver convinced me, that it is one of the chief evils, met in boyhood, and responsible for much weakness, misery and crime."—Honorable Ben. Lindsay, Judge of the Juvenile Court, Denver, Colorado.

"In my judgment, and with the experience I have had with thousands of boys, I am convinced that the most serious problem confronting the people of Utah, and of the United States for that matter, is the cigarette habit. I believe it is doing more damage intellectually, morally and physically to our boys than all other sins combined, because it is the forerunner of many of the evils to which boys succumb."—Alexander McMaster, Judge of the Juvenile Court, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"I have had considerable experience in employing bookkeepers and accountants, and never saw one who habitually used cigarettes that could be relied upon; and if I found anyone in my employ had contracted the habit I always took the first opportunity to replace him by a non-smoker."—Lewis S. Hills, ex-President of the Deseret National Bank, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"I would as soon have an insane man at the throttle of a locomotive as a cigarette smoker."—E. H. Harri-man.

"Even men who smoke one cigar a day cannot be trusted with some of my most delicate work." Again, "I happen to have known a large number of men, now in their graves, who would without any reasonable doubt, have been in the vigor of health today except for cigarettes."—Luther Burbank.

"The smoking of cigarettes is one of the worst, most offensive, and harmful habits acquired by man. It ought

to be against the law to sell or smoke them. They go well together, these two drugs—cigarettes and alcohol—and they accomplish wonders in reducing man to a vicious animal.”—Thomas A. Edison.

If I can be of any further service to you in relation to this matter I trust that you will call upon me freely.

Your brother in the Gospel,

FREDERICK J. PACK.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 10, 1912.

A Pamphlet Every Supervisor Should Have.

To reinforce these lessons on the tobacco habit, we urge that every stake supervisor of Parents' Classes send at once to Prof. Wm. A. McKeever, Manhattan, Kansas, for copies enough of his pamphlet entitled, "The Cigarette Smoking Boy," to supply each ward supervisor with one.

These pamphlets cost two cents each for single copies or one cent each for quantities. Ten cents will buy ten of them. They are worth many times their cost. Will our supervisors please to this without delay? We know of no better material to offer you to make your lessons vital.

It may be that the ward supervisors, too, will desire to send for the pamphlet to distribute among their class.

Results We Want.

Don't preach about this subject. Go after the evil. We wish, first of all, to know from the scientific viewpoint what blighting results are coming from the tobacco habits. Then we want to lay our plans to fight it—first in our own homes, and then in the community. See that the laws are enforced. Save your children from the cigarette curse. "Pitch in and keep a pitching in."

Lesson 1. Why the Word of Wisdom on Tobacco was Given.

Read that Word.

Read Dr. Pack's statement.

Read the first paragraph of Prof. McKeever's pamphlet, "The Cigarette Smoking Boy."

What testimony can you add from experience on the ill effects of tobacco on body, mind and soul?

Discuss the points made in Prof. McKeever's pamphlet, pages 3-12, on "Good Men Smoke," "Tobacco as the Blight of Boyhood," "The Smoker's Heart," "Smoking and Study," "Tobacco and Truancy," etc.

Lesson II. Reducing the Tobacco Tax.

1. How does the tobacco tax on your community compare with the school tax? (Have someone make investigation and report.)

2. Is the tobacco tax increasing or decreasing in your community?

3. In what other ways than by actual money cost is tobacco draining our resources?

4. What are the chief ways by which boys are led to smoke?

5. What can be done to prevent the habit being formed?

Read Prof. McKeever's pamphlet (pages 13-15).

Discuss the points there made.

Lesson III, Continued.

What concerted efforts on the part of parents can best be put forth to check the tobacco evil?

a. Read the Kansas law, Prof. McKeever's pamphlet.

b. What are the laws of your own state on this question? (Have someone prepared to read and explain them.)

c. What has been done to enforce these laws in your community? What can and will the Parents Class do to help make them effective?

Note. It is suggested that the Juvenile court officers will be glad to co-operate here. The Parents Class workers should foster such co-operation with them and with other officers to bring the results we are after. "*The Cigarette Curse Must Go.*"

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

Second Year.

The Shipwreck.

While the heathen sailors were vainly struggling to subdue the leak Paul was praying, and God granted to him the lives of all who sailed with him. A vision was given him in the night. When the cheerless day came, he gathered the sailors around him on the deck of the laboring vessel, and raising his voice above the storm said: "Sirs, ye should have hearkened to my counsel and not have set sail from Crete. Thus would you have been spared this harm and loss, and now I expect you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but only of the ship. For there stood by me this night an angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul, you must stand before Caesar: and lo! God hath given thee all who sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God, that what hath been declared unto me will come to pass, nevertheless, we must be cast upon a certain island."

We are not told how this address was received, but sailors, no matter how reckless they may be in the absence of danger are peculiarly open to religious impressions and we cannot doubt that they gathered anxiously around the apostle, and heard his word as an admonition and encouragement from the other world, that they were nerved for the toil and difficulty which was immediately before them, and prepared thereafter to listen to the Jewish prisoner, as to a teacher sent with a divine commission. The gale still continued, day and night succeeded without decreasing the danger, till fourteen days had elapsed, during which they had been drifting through the sea of Adria. A gale of such duration, though not very frequent,

is by no means without precedent in that part of the Mediterranean, especially toward winter. At the close of the fourteenth day, about the middle of the night, the sailors suspected they were nearing land. The sound of the breakers was indicative of it. Orders were given to "heave the lead," and they found that the depth of the water was "twenty fathoms." It sounded though as if there were breakers ahead. However this might be, there was the utmost danger lest the vessel should strike and go to pieces; no time was to be lost. Orders were given to clear the anchors. But, if they had anchored by the bow, there was good ground for believing the vessel would have swung round and dashed upon the rocks. They therefore let go four anchors by the stern. For a time the vessel's way was arrested, but there was too much reason for fearing she would part from her anchors and go ashore, if indeed she did not founder in the night, and they "waited anxiously for the day." The rain was falling in torrents, and all hands were weakened by want of food, but the greatest danger was lest the vessel should founder before daybreak. The leak was rapidly gaining and each moment might be the last. The sailors were found attempting to save their own lives, and leave the ship and the passengers to themselves. Under the pretense of carrying out some anchors from the bow, they lowered the boat over the ship's side. The excuse was plausible, for no doubt the ship would have been steadier had it been done, and in order to effect it, it would be necessary to take out anchors in the boat. St. Paul penetrated their design, and addressed the soldiers, "Unless these remain in the ship ye cannot be saved," and with military promptness the ropes were cut and the boat fell to the fierce waves below, and was lost in the darkness. Thus by

Paul's prudent acts one after another, the people were saved and Paul was gaining, more and more, the confidence of all on board. The captain of the ship is not looked to any more for safety but the prisoner. He uses his power in renewing their bodily strength and turning their minds to Providence. A faint light now began to show the terrors of the storm. The dawn made objects on the ship visible. The haggard faces of 276 persons clustered on the deck, holding on the sinking vessel, was an impressive spectacle. Paul still stands forth and gives them courage. He reminds them that they had "eaten nothing" for fourteen days, showing them that a hearty meal is necessary to safety. He took bread, gave thanks to God for all and promised them that not one of them should be lost. They were encouraged and took renewed strength for the struggle to come. The spoiled shipload of wheat was thrown into the sea, and all on board were able to reach shore by swimming from the wrecked and deserted ship.

Fourth Year.

In treating the subject of *toleration* attention should be directed to the present condition of the civilized world in respect to religious tolerance. It is a noteworthy fact that an increasingly liberal spirit is being manifest in our own country, and that a surprisingly high degree of intolerance has been manifest in some parts of England during the last few years. Many of the British officials and more intelligent citizens have, however, pronounced this intolerant spirit un-British and wholly opposed to English law and traditions. In similar manner note should be made of the conditions that now maintain in other leading countries in respect to religious liberty.

The evils that have come upon the inhabitants of the earth at various times because of intolerance should also be shown. With this may be con-

trasted the results of the cultivation of the spirit of universal brotherhood, together with the right of each man to worship the common Father in his own way.

In the next lesson it may be shown that submission to *secular authority*, as a general principle, is essential to the stability of society, and that upon the stability of society in turn depends the preservation of civilization. Should individuals take it upon themselves to defy regularly established governments whenever it pleased them to do so, law and order would be superseded by anarchy, neither life nor property would be respected. It must be admitted that the first essential to the spiritual life is that one shall be permitted to live; and, furthermore, that a permit to live is not worth much without a means of physical support. Property, in some form or other, is the chief means of this support.

Recent history in Mexico illustrates in a conspicuous way the results of a want of submission to secular authority. A similar lesson may be drawn from the history of other Spanish-American states. In contrast with this the history of Anglo-Saxon peoples teaches, in a positive way, the benefits of submission to legally constituted authority.

The purpose of the above suggestions concerning *tolerance* and *secular authority* is to show how the teachings of the Church as given in the textbooks and the scriptural references are supported by reason and the facts of history and social science.

The lesson on the thirteenth article of faith dealing with the *moral teachings of the gospel* should be made very impressive. One of the strongest evidences of the divinity of the gospel of Jesus Christ is the purity of its moral precepts. The ideal of life portrayed in the gospels and the epistles is the most exalted in ancient literature, and has probably never been surpassed. In connection with this study class members should be asked to read again the

Sermon on the Mount, the twelfth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and the first chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter. Numerous other references to the scriptures might be used with equal advantage; e. g., Galatians 5 and 6.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," might be taken up and analyzed for the purpose of determining more fully its meaning. Does not this exhortation express the highest ideal of life that is possible to man?

It should be noted that while many of the greatest moral philoso-

phers emphasize the rational life, the law of Jehovah is summarized in the love of God and the love of neighbor. This does not mean that life may be irrational; it makes love superior to reason, which it is. The great importance of the feelings in the moral life is now well recognized by students of human nature. Thus the harmony of the gospel teachings with the highest ideals otherwise known to man has a double significance. It is evidence of the divinity of these teachings on the one hand, and, on the other, it harmonizes the life of the followers of Christ with the noblest lives in human history.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Second Year. Lessons for October.

[By Joel Ricks, Cache Stake.]

Lesson 64—The Savior's Final Teachings to the Nephites.

Time—Year 33-4 A. D.

Place—Land Bountiful.

Text—III Nephi 15, 16, 27, 28.

To this time the people of Nephi had lived under the law of Moses, which is now fulfilled in Christ. It might be well to contrast briefly the law of Moses with the new law introduced by the Savior.

The Savior's instructions might be classified under the most important headings and discussed as time will permit. We suggest the following:

This is the land of your inheritance. Chapter 15:13, also 20:14.

Note the promises made to the remnant of this land. Chapter 20:15-22. Compare with chapter 16:10-17.

Other sheep not of this fold. 15:17.

This will necessitate a brief explanation of the "breaking away" processes which have characterized the

House of Israel. Who were the other sheep, and when were they led away? See Doc. & Cov. sec. 133:25-41.

The sign of the fulfilling of the promise. Chapter 21.

This is the beginning of the restoration of the House of Israel and the fulfilling of the promise made to Abraham.

Special blessings asked for by the Twelve. The request of the nine, and the desires of the three, and how answered.

Lesson 65—The Reign of Peace.

Text—IV Nephi 1:1-22.

Time—Year 34 to 200 A. D.

Place—Lands Northward and Southward.

This period covers the golden era of the Nephite civilization. In it the gospel taught by the Savior was preached to the people in all parts of the land and was accepted by them. The system of having all things in common, was instituted and evidently worked out successfully, as we are told that there was no rich nor any poor in all the land. The teacher might compare this system with our

proposed United Order, also with the system practiced by the Incas of Peru at the time of their discovery by the Spanish, about 1530. See Prescott's "Peru," Vol. I, page 63. Also with the system under which we live at the present time. The result of the system was peace and prosperity. The ruined cities were rebuilt, new districts were occupied until, the historian tells us, the entire country was covered with cities.

The teacher might point out that all this was a natural result of the working out of the Gospel plan. People inspired by the Spirit of God, love peace, live together harmoniously, and work for the common good.

Lesson 66—Division and Apostasy Appear.

Time—Years 200 to 320 A. D.

Reference—IV Nephi 1:24-49.

The growth of wealth brought about pride and class distinction, which soon resulted in the breaking up of the system of unity which had prevailed for nearly two hundred years. Wealth and the desire for it became the ruling passion. Churches were multiplied, and the ancient order of Gadianton was revived. It soon became unpopular to serve the Lord, and the members of the Church were persecuted. Even the three disciples, who were still among the people, were subject to persecution. Point out how they were still able to exercise the power of God. While it seems that the people were all of one common civilization, there were a large number who took upon themselves the name of Lamanites. Wickedness continued to spread until, towards the latter end of the period, mentioned, the whole people had fallen into wickedness, all save the three disciples of the Lord.

During this period the sacred records had been carefully preserved; but the last custodian took and buried them in the earth to insure their preservation.

Contrast this condition with that prevailing during the first 200 years.

Fourth Year.*

[Prepared by D. Ray Bradford.]

Sunday, October 13, 1612.

Lesson 64. The Captives in Babylon.

Setting: Babylon, situated on the Euphrates river, about 200 miles from the Persian gulf, and about as far in a direct line from Jerusalem, as San Francisco is from Salt Lake. Of course it took weeks and often months to make the journey from Jerusalem to Babylon. In the days of Daniel the rich valley was greatly impoverished by heavy tribute paid successively to Egypt and Babylon; but in spite of this, Jehoiachin squandered large sums in building luxurious palaces for himself. Today, the valley belongs to the Turkish government, but is bereft of the richness, luxuriousness and abundance that it once possessed.

Time 607 B. C., just a little longer after the founding of Rome than our time (1912) is subsequent to the Revolutionary period.

Text: Dan. 3-4.

General Assignment: Chapter 3. The story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Special Assignment: Chapter 4. Also, have several children look up, respectively, the geographical location of Babylonia, its former abundance and grandeur, and its present impoverishment; the latitude and longitude, climate, people, etc. Many of the pupils are taking this up in the public schools and it will probably create a higher degree of interest, for them to make such correlations. It will be of value to establish in their minds actual direction, by having them point toward Babylon; to imagine themselves in Babylon and point toward Salt Lake, toward London, New York, etc. The writer recalls the extreme

*For detailed outline of these lessons see S. S. Outlines for October.

indefiniteness of actual locations during his early years in Sunday School. Babylon, Shushan, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Damascus, and countless other localities of the highest historical importance were talked about, principally by the teacher, and the presumption was that they were somewhere, but even the fact that they were on this very earth was never firmly established. They mainly had their existence in the imagination which was much confused by flimsy conceptions. It is a comparatively easy task to bring these matters home to the children; and to sharpen their images by practical, tangible, methods. The distances, hardships, etc., can be made to assume comparative reality by using terms and comparisons from the pupils' own experience. For instance, in Salt Lake City, have the children take an imaginary journey to Saltair Beach on foot. They will walk less than 40 miles going and returning. The captives taken to Babylon walked twenty times as far, forced along by soldiers and suffering many privations. Only a few minutes planning, along this line, preparatory to each lesson will suffice to reduce the fantastical chimera of the children's minds to actual fact and tangible imagery.

Lesson Development:

Daniel was, apparently, born in Jerusalem and must have been carried off to Babylon while still very young, in the first bands of captives under Jehoiachin. He seems to have been of royal, or at least, of noble birth. He grew up in Jerusalem amidst the sight of abominations of idolatry practiced within the very precincts of the temple, accompanied with all the excesses of sensual impurity. Nor was the idolatry of King Jehoiachin himself his only sin. He put his nobles in chains, threw Jeremiah into a dungeon, and cut up and burned the written predictions of that prophet at the moment when a national feast was being held. Yet in the midst of such corruption and wickedness we find among the

youths or children carried off along with Jehoiachin, not only *one* like Daniel, but others of the same spirit, like his boy companions Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah. They could not, moreover, have been alone, but speak of a heaven true to the faith of their fathers, from whom, two generations later, were to rise, the Pilgrim Fathers of the Return.

The first notice we have of Daniel is in connection with a sagacious wish on the part of Nebuchadnezzar, the reigning king of Babylon, that a number of children of the royal and nobler families of Israel might be taught the literature and language of the Chaldeans. Nothing could be better fitted to win over the leaders of the captive nation to loyalty to their new monarch, if only by the flattering prospect it offered of the advancement of their children to high posts of honor and emolument.

The requirements of those thus selected show Daniel to have been equally marked by physical beauty and intelligence, for only such were to be taken who were without blemish, well favored, and had received a good education in the knowledge current among the people of the land. They were to be future pashas and ministers, acting between the Chaldean court and their own race, and acceptable to both. Three years were to be devoted to the special training of the youths thus honored, and at the end of that time they were to be advanced to the dignity of pages to the great king, to stand in his presence.

They were forthwith, taken into the palace, put under the care of the chief eunuch; fed from the royal table, and, doubtless, assiduously instructed in all the Chaldean wisdom of the day.

After three years' probation, fraught with many portentous experiences, not the least important of which was Daniel's refusal to eat "unclean" food, prepared by idolatrous hands, and his confining himself to vegetable foods, and water as his only tonic, the four young Jews, now duly fitted to stand

before the king, were introduced to his presence at court. Daniel had not long been there before an incident occurred which paved the way to still higher honors. Nebuchadnezzar had been troubled by a dream, which none of the learned Magi, or astrologers, or wonder workers of the Chaldeans could interpret, and as in the case of Pharaoh of old, in similar circumstances, help was sought wherever it could be found.

At last "The secret was revealed to Daniel in a night vision," and he gave both the dream and the explanation so satisfactorily that he was made a great man, received many gifts and was appointed ruler over the whole province of Babylon and chief of the governors over all the wise men of the land. He secured advancement for his companions, and as a special distinction apartments were provided for himself in the palace.

This leads up to the general assignment which is so interestingly told in chapter 3 that it will require no further comment here.

The writer suggests that a strong effort be made to have the children not fail to read the account themselves from the Bible, and not be satisfied with hearing the story told. The prime virtue of all these lessons in the Second Intermediate Department is in the reading of them by the children directly from the Bible.

Aim: To teach the power one has to rise in the regard of his people, even enemies by faithfulness and perseverance. Daniel was a captive and a slave, yet through his reliance in the Lord and his obedience to the Lord's commands he rose to the highest subposition in the land of his captors.

Lesson 65—Sunday, October 20, 1912.

During the month of October the twelve chapters of the Book of Daniel can be covered very nicely by special assignment, but it is suggested that as a rule no more than the one story in-

dedicated for each Sunday be assigned to the class generally.

For this Sunday, assign "The Story of Belshazzar's Feast," chapter 5.

Special Assignments: Select stories from chapters 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Make the assignments definite and not too long.

Lesson 66—Sunday, October 27, 1912.

Text of General Assignment: Chapter 6. "Daniel in the Lion's Den."

Special Assignments: Remainder of stories in chapters 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Setting: Same as in lesson of 13th.

Time: 570 B. C.

Aim: Infinite power of God to protect his servants from harm and evil of all kinds.

At the death of Belshazzar, his conqueror, Darius, the Mede took the kingdom. "The fame of Daniel procured him even greater honor under the new dynasty than he had enjoyed under the old. A hundred and twenty satraps governed the provinces, and under them were three high dignitaries, of whom Daniel was the first. That a foreigner and a captive should have such a place, and still more, that he should be held in supreme honor for his wisdom and ability, naturally excited the jealousy of the great ones of the empire, and another conspiracy was formed against him, on the ground of his faith.

They approached Darius with the flattering but impious proposal that no one should ask any petition for thirty days from any God, but only from the king, under pain of being thrown to the lions. They felt confident that Daniel and his companions would fall into this trap and would be done away with.

But whether they should perish or not was of small moment to men so sternly faithful to Jehovah. Opening his window toward Jerusalem, Daniel kneeled and prayed three times a day, as before time, and gave thanks to his

God. Spies on the watch instantly reported him; and by the words of the decree, his destruction seemed certain. But the same God who delivered the three from the fires of the furnace shut the mouths of the lions, and saved the fourth when cast in among them. Innocency was unharmed even amongst savage beasts.

This is the last notice we have of Daniel. A building, said to be his tomb, is still shown on the banks of the Euphrates; but its only worth in connection with him is as a proof of the reverence associated with his name. We are told that he survived the aged Darius and died under Cyrus, the Persian.

GENERAL NOTES.

Ab'd'nego	Mēdiau
Nebuchadnēz'zar	Bēlshāz'zar
Shādrach	U'laī

Mē'shaeh	Ahāsne'rus
Chāldēans	Bēlteshāz'zar
Bāb'ylon	Chū'tim
Mē'nē	Lībyans
Tē'kel	Ēthiō'pians
U-phārsin	Hiddekēl

Latitude of Babylon, 32°; of Salt Lake City, 41°; of New Orleans, 30°; of Cairo, Egypt, 30°. In pointing from Salt Lake City to Babylon, the arm should be deflected just slightly to the south of straight east.

Longitude of Babylon, 46° east; of Salt Lake City, 111° west; of London, 0°; so Salt Lake City is about 21-9 times as far west of London as Babylon is east of London, or, in other words, Babylon is not quite half way around the earth from Salt Lake City.

The teacher should carefully prepare chapter 7 and present as effectively as possible to the class.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

Second Year.

[By Josiah Burrows.]

Lesson 28—Elijah and Elisha.

[For Second Sunday in October.]

Text: I. Kings 19:19-21; II. Kings 2.

In the consideration of these lessons, an excellent opportunity is afforded to study the lives of some of the grandest and noblest characters in sacred history. It is not possible, however, to do full justice to many of them within the limits of a single lesson, and in order for the teacher to have an enlarged knowledge of the subject, it is very necessary that more than the bare stated text should be read. In this lesson we are introduced to Elijah in the closing days of his life, but in order to understand more fully the importance of his mission and his powers

as a prophet, we must go back to the preceding lesson, "Elijah and the Priests of Baal," I. Kings 17, 18. That is an excellent lesson, and should make a good impression on the minds of the children, illustrating as it does the grandeur, superiority, and inspiring effects of the powers of Deity, displayed in such a striking and impressive manner before the people, in response to the prayer of Elijah; and what a wonderful contrast it presented, to the weak, insignificant, and utterly futile efforts of wicked and uninspired men! Elijah was a prophet of the rugged, stern, resolute type. He lived at a time when great wickedness prevailed among Israel, and their spirituality was very low. Ahab the King was a weakling, and but a tool in the hands of his wife, the wicked and deposed Jezebel. During his reign the most abominable idolatry was intro-

duced among the people, and a prophet of the character of Elijah was very much needed, to warn them and check their waywardness.

In the calling of Elisha, while plowing in the field, we have a beautiful example of a prompt and cheerful obedience to Elijah's action in casting his mantle upon him. This was surely a case of leaving father and mother, houses and lands, almost immediately, to engage in the Lord's service.

It having been revealed to Elijah by revelation, of the Lord's purpose to take him from the earth, he appeared anxious to conceal the fact from Elisha, as on the three occasions of going to Bethel, to Jerico, and to the Jordan, he tried to induce him to tarry. But in each instance Elijah was met with the sublime response, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth I will not leave thee." What brotherly love! What faithful devotion is here revealed! After the miraculous crossing of the Jordan, which was accomplished by Elijah smiting the waters with his mantle, "Elijah said unto Elisha, ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." In this request of Elisha we see revealed his intense spiritual nature, his great love of the mission to which he had been called, and his earnest desire to enjoy in rich measure the spirit and powers possessed by Elijah. Elijah replied, "Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee: but if not, it shall not be so." Then followed the glorious and inspiring sight, the translation of Elijah—he being caught up by a chariot and horses of fire carried by a whirlwind into heaven. Elijah was greatly affected by this most remarkable manifestation and cried, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Elisha then took up the mantle of Elijah, and returning to the Jordan

parted the waters in the same manner as Elijah had done, and being met by the sons of the prophets they exclaimed, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha." And they bowed to the ground before him.

In the incidents of Elisha advising against sending the fifty strong men upon the fruitless search for Elijah's body, and in the healing of the impure waters of Jerico, we see further evidence that the spirit and powers of Elijah had indeed rested upon him.

NOTES.

Elisha—"With what satisfaction is the review of such a life as that of Elisha accompanied! His moral character bears the nearest inspection and shines forth without a flaw. His powers, as delineated by the pen of inspiration, were nobly exercised, his time continually occupied, and his life a long discourse, both in word and in actions of benevolence and charity. Truly he possessed his master's spirit in a double portion. His heart was tenderness; his speech fidelity, whether as used to kings or menials; his death, like his life, bespake the service of his Lord."—Noble.

Lessen 29—Hezekiah.

[For Third Sunday in October.]

Text: II. Chronicles 29, 30, 31.

All the kings of Israel, without an exception, were bad men. So, too, were most of the kings of Judah. Among the few honorable exceptions, Hezekiah was perhaps the most remarkable. He came to the throne at the early age of twenty-five, and reigned twenty-nine years. He succeeded his father Ahaz, a wicked and most unworthy ruler. There was nothing, therefore, in his father's life and example that was of any value to him. His mother, however, is believed to have been a most worthy and noble woman. She was Abijah, the daughter of Zechariah. And from her he no doubt inherited his many excellent qualities. His reign came as a great blessing to Judah, for the kingdom had sunk low in wickedness and idolatry. He was not only king, but also

a reformer and prophet, and his labors were characterized by an earnestness, activity, and devotion that was truly admirable. And in all things he manifested great faith, and deep reliances upon the Lord.

One of his first acts was to open the doors of the Temple which had long remained closed. He then summoned the priests and the Levites, admonished them to sanctify themselves and cleanse the Temple. This they did with energy and spirit, and, after a period of sixteen days, the sacred building was thoroughly cleansed and the lost vessels restored. He then gathered up the rulers of the city, caused that a great number of animals should be brought to the Temple and required the priests to offer them as a sacrifice upon the altar as a sin offering for the kingdom of Judah. And during the sacrifice, the congregation worshiped, the singers sang, the instruments sounded, and they had a great time of rejoicing. Hezekiah then required the people to bring to the Temple their sacrifices and thank offerings, and in response to the call such a multitude of animals were brought in, that the priests were unable to slay them, and they had to call upon the Levites to assist them. His next important act was to proclaim a solemn observance of the feast of the Passover which had been sadly neglected. This feast had not been held since the days of Solomon, three hundred years before. Letters were also sent to the tribes of the kingdom of Israel inviting them to Jerusalem to participate in the sacred services. Some of the tribes rejected with scorn this kind invitation, but the tribes of Manasseh, Asher, and Zebulun respected it, and sent representatives to attend the eventful gathering. And it also appears that some from Ephraim and Issachar were present. We learn from the sacred record that the commemoration of the Passover proved to be a time of great rejoicing among the people. They kept the feast of unleavened bread seven days with

great gladness, and they praised the Lord with instruments and singing. They also offered peace offerings and confessed their sins before the Lord. Indeed, such a time of refreshing it proved to be, that they decided to extend the time of the feast and observed it fourteen days instead of seven. "So there was great joy in Jerusalem: for since the time of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel there was not the like in Jerusalem." One of the beneficial results of this grand spiritual feast was the action of the people in destroying the altars and images that had been erected for idolatrous worship. Another splendid result was the response of the people to Hezekiah's request in the matter of tithes and offerings. We are told that the people responded so liberally, that the products of the earth were brought in such abundance, that they occupied great heaps. And Azariah, the chief priest, said to Hezekiah, "Since the people began to bring the offerings into the house of the Lord, we have had enough to eat, and have left plenty: for the Lord hath blessed his people; and that which is left is this great store." "And thus did Hezekiah throughout all Judah, and wrought that which was good and right and truth, before the Lord his God."

Lesson 30—Hezekiah's Life Lengthened.

[For Fourth Sunday in October.]

Text: Isaiah 38:1-8.

This lesson is to be outlined by the teachers, with the assistance and under the direction of the department members of the Stake Board.

Fourth Year.

Lessons for October.

Lesson 28—The Martyrdom.

Special reference: Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 135.

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

- I. *Joseph Smith, the Prophet.*
 1. Physical appearance.
 2. Traits of character.
 - a. Good nature.
 - b. Courage.
 - c. Kindness.
- II. *Events Preceding the Martyrdom.*
 1. Traitors in the Church.
 - a. The Laws and Higbees.
 - b. A secret meeting of traitors.
 2. Joseph and others arrested.
 - a. (Memorize: "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, etc.)
 3. The journey to Carthage.
- III. *The Martyrdom.*
 1. Scenes within the prison.
 - a. Number of prisoners.
 - b. The last evening.
 - c. The attack.
 - (1) Result.
 2. The bodies of Joseph and Hyrum taken to Nauvoo.
 - a. Admonition of the Saints.
 3. The burial.

Suggestive Aims: (1) A clear conscience enables its possessor to go calmly and fearlessly to his death. (2) "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."
2. The absence of nearly all the Apostles.
3. Uncertainty among the Saints.
- II. *The Twelve Take Charge.*
 1. The meeting of August 8th.
 - a. The occasion.
 - b. The speakers.
 - (1) Sidney Rigdon.
 - (2) Brigham Young.
 - (a) Form and voice changed.
 - c. Sketch of President Young's life up to 1844.
 - a. His loyalty to the Prophet.
 - III. *Last Days of Nauvoo.*
 1. Mobbings begin again.
 - a. At the Morley settlement.
 - b. At other places.
 2. Removal of the main body of Saints.
 - a. Preparations.
 - b. First companies.
 3. The "Remnants."
 - a. Their condition.
 - b. "The Battle of Nauvoo."
 - c. Cross the river.

Suggestive Aims: (1) He who would be a true leader must himself show loyalty to his file leaders. (2) Those who possess the Spirit of the Lord, recognize those whom God chooses to lead His people.

Illustration, application.

Lesson 29—Succession in the Presidency.

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

I. *The Saints Without a Leader.*

1. Their feelings at the death of Joseph.

Lesson 30—The Exodus.

(The teacher will choose his own incidents.)

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.

Lessons for October.

First Sunday—The Last Supper.

- Texts—Matt. 26:17-23; John 13:1-21.
 Reference — Weed's "Life of Christ," chapter 60.
 Picture—"Last Supper," Leonardo

Da Vinci, in JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, February, 1912.

Time—Four days after the triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

Suggestive Aim—Reverence for the Sacrament.

I. *Preparation of the Room.*

1. Instructions to two of the apostles.

2. "Strewn and ready."
 - (a) Significance.
- II. *Jesus Washes the Apostles' Feet.*
 1. "He that is greatest among you let him be least."
- III. *Administration of the Sacrament.*
 1. Bread.
 - (a) Significance.
 2. Wine.
 - (b) Significance.
 3. Importance.
 - I. It was a large, upper room in what is thought by some to have been the home of Joseph of Arimathea. To it were carried a long, low table and long benches.
 - (a) Just as the room was cleansed and prepared for the Passover Feast, so was the Lord thoroughly prepared in Spirit for His Crucifixion.
 - II. As Jesus and the Apostles journeyed from place to place, their feet, which were protected only by sandals became dusty and sore, so that the washing of them was more than merely a custom or form. This was usually done by servants. There were no servants in that upper room. As none of the Twelve offered to wash the Master's feet, He proceeded to wash their feet, thereby teaching a beautiful lesson, the greatness of humility.

Memorize—"He that is greatest among you let him be least."

Jesus tells of the approaching betrayal. Compare Judas' conduct with that of the other apostles.

III. "As they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and break it, and gave it to the disciples and said, Take eat. This is my body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of Me."

Be sure to make clear to the children that that Sacrament was as our Sacrament today. Explain why we use water instead of wine.

Second Sunday. Jesus' Suffering in the Garden, Betrayal and Arrest.

Texts—Matt. 26:30-56; Mark 14:26-52; Luke 22:39-54; John 18:1-12.

Reference — Weed's "Life of Christ," chapter 62. Dictionary of the Bible, Wm. Smith.

Pictures—"Christ in Gethsemane," H. Hoffman; "The Betrayal," Gustave Dore.

Suggestive Aim—Implicit faith in God gives strength and courage.

- I. *Jesus in the Garden.*
 1. Tells His disciples of what is to follow.
 2. Their faithfulness.
 3. The Chosen Three.
- II. *Jesus Alone with God in the Solitude.*
 1. His great agony of soul.
 2. His three prayers.
 3. His submission to the will of God.
- III. *He Gently Rebukes, Then Excuses Disciples.*
- IV. *Betrayal.*
 1. Judas brings officers to arrest Him.
 2. The kiss.
 - (a) The rebuke.
 3. "Whom seek ye?"
 - (a) Effect of words on the multitude.
 - (b) Effect of words on the disciples.

V. *The Arrest.*

1. Christ's words to the officers.
2. Christ bound.
3. Brought before the High Priest.
 - I. Let us picture clearly Jesus and His disciples going from the Upper Room, made sacred by that Last Supper, out into the darkness of night. The Savior's depression. As He had so often been a support to them, now, with their loving sympathy they were a comfort to Him.

Quote freely beautiful passages throughout the story, such as "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here and watch with me;" and "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." By the cup is meant the agony of His body and soul. Only the Father is able to conceive of this agony. "His

sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." History tells us the same thing has happened since, being the result of mental anguish.

II. As only so great a Soul is capable of such suffering, likewise is it possible for only such a One to bow in submission to God's will in such an hour.

III. It is supposed Judas conceived his wicked scheme at the supper in Bethany.

III. *Significance of His Death.*

1. Redemption of mankind.
2. Universal Resurrection.
3. Love for all.

IV. *The Burial.*

1. Joseph of Arimathea requests Christ's body of Pilate.
2. Preparation for burial.
 - (a) Examples of loving service.
3. Place of burial.
 - (a) In the garden.
 - (b) Joseph's new tomb.
 - (c) Describe ancient mode of burial.

Third Sunday—Crucifixion and Burial.

Texts—Matt. 27:27-66; Mark. 15:30-47; Luke 23:26-53; John 19:17-42.

Reference — Weed's "Life of Christ," chapters 64-65; Dictionary of the Bible, Wm. Smith.

Pictures — "Christ before Pilate" (Munkacsy), "Bearing the Cross" (De Crespì), "The Crucifixion" (Michael Angelo), "The Burial" (H. Hoffmann).

Suggestive Aim — True greatness consists in losing self for the good of others.

I. *Jesus on the Way to Golgotha or Calvary.*

1. His bodily weakness.
 - (a) Sinks beneath the cross.
2. Sympathy manifested.
 - (a) By women.
 - (b) Christ's sympathy for them.

II. *The Crucifixion.*

1. Love for others shown.
 - (a) "Father forgive them" (Luke 23:34.)
 - (b) "Mother behold thy Son" (John 19:26.)
 - (c) "Today shalt thou be," etc., (Luke 23:42.)
 - (d) "I thirst, etc., (John 19:28). The only thought of self.
 - (e) "It is finished" (John 19:40).
 - (f) "Father, into Thy hands" (Luke 23:46).

I. The only sign recorded of sympathy in this most brutal and cruel treatment was shown by women. This was checked by Jesus Himself, who for the time being was forgetful of His own suffering in thinking of the judgment that was to come on Jerusalem.

"It was a custom of wealthy ladies in Jerusalem, in pity for those to be crucified, no matter how base their crimes, to furnish something by which sensibility would be deadened and suffering diminished. Such was offered to Jesus, but He declined it, willing to suffer all that such a death involved. He had said, "The cup which My Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

II. The Jews uniformly disposed of the corpse by entombment where possible, extending this respect to the remains even of the slain enemy, in the latter case by express provision of law. A natural cave enlarged and adapted by excavation, or an artificial imitation of one was the standard type of sepulchre. These, when the owner's means permitted it, were commonly prepared beforehand. Spices were used in preparing bodies for burial, and some were burned in honor of deceased persons when their relatives were able to purchase them.

Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, Chairman; assisted by Beulah Woolley and Elmina Taylor.

OUTLINE FOR OCTOBER.

- 1—Open Sunday.
- 2—How Daniel kept the Word of Wisdom.
Aim: By keeping the Word of Wisdom we obtain physical and spiritual strength.
- 3—A Mysterious Voice. Solomon Kimball.
Aim: The same.
- 4—Gift of Healing (some instance to be chosen by teachers).
Text: James 5:14-15; Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 42:43-44.

OUTLINE FOR NOVEMBER.

- 1—Review.
 - 2—Home in the Mountains.
Aim: Thanksgiving and gratitude should be shown in deeds as well as in words.
 - 3—Crickets and seagulls.
Aim: The same.
 - 4—First Thanksgiving in Utah.
Aim: The same.
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WORK FOR OCTOBER.

[Prepared by Sister Violet Long Broad-
bent of Liberty Stake.]

Songs:

"In Our Lovely Deseret," 2d verse;
"God's Care of All Things," Song
Stories for the Kindergarten, Mildred
& Patty Hill, p. 16; "Come, Little
Leaves," Hill, p. 25.

Memory Gem:

"My heart is God's little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day,
Are the things He shall see me doing,
And the words He shall hear me say."

FIRST SUNDAY.

Open Sunday. The teachers are to do anything they choose. But be sure to be thoroughly prepared and know exactly what you will do.

SECOND SUNDAY.—MORNING TALKS.

When the Lord made this earth He wanted to make it just as beautiful as

He could for His children to live upon; so He made the trees and flowers to grow and the birds to sing and the streams of pure water to flow. Then, when He sent His children upon earth to live, He wanted them to grow strong and wise, so He said, "I'll make all kinds of fruits and vegetables for My children to eat." So in the spring we have all kinds of berries and then later we have the cherries and peaches and apples and all kinds of vegetables to eat, for the Lord has told us if we eat these things and drink pure water and not eat much meat nor drink tea or coffee and not use tobacco, we will grow strong and our minds will be bright.

(Teachers, talk to children about harmful effects of eating green fruits and also those too ripe.)

Illustration: How Daniel Kept the Word of Wisdom.

Aim: By keeping the word of wisdom we obtain physical and spiritual strength.

How many of us have a little baby

brother or sister at home? When these little spirits come from heaven their bodies are clean and pure and the Lord wants them to always keep them that way. How should we like our bodies to be when we grow to be men and women? Yes, we should like them to be strong and beautiful.

The Lord has told us how we can make our bodies strong and beautiful. He has told us if we will not drink tea and coffee or use tobacco and eat but very little meat and not drink beer and wines we will grow up to be strong men and women and that we will be much wiser than those girls and boys who do drink and eat these things. This is keeping the Word of Wisdom.

Now would you like to know what happened to a boy who kept the Word of Wisdom?

A long time ago there lived a king in a beautiful palace. This king was very rich and kept many servants. He had wines to drink and all kinds of meat to eat. One day the king told one of his servants to bring some of the children of the princes and some of the children of Israel to live in the palace, for he wanted to see which would make the strongest and wisest men.

So the servant brought the children, and among them was a boy named Daniel. When the king saw the children he was very much pleased and told the servant to give them the best foods of the table and he said they could have all the wines and meats they wanted.

Daniel was a very good boy and had been taught to eat and drink only the things which would make him grow strong, just as we little boys and girls are taught to drink and to eat the food which is best for us. His father and mother had taught him that some meats were not good to eat and that wine would weaken his body. So when the servant brought Daniel the things from the king's table he said: "Please do not bring me wines and meats. I would rather have the good

food father and mother has told me will make me strong and beautiful."

But the servant said: "The king has told me to bring these things for you to eat and if I disobey him and you are not as strong as the other children he will be very angry with me."

Then Daniel said: "Let me have vegetables and water for ten days and you will see that I am as strong as the others, for the Lord says that if we will eat and drink the things He says are good for us He will make our minds bright and our bodies beautiful."

So for ten days Daniel lived on vegetables, bread and water as his father had taught him, while the others ate the meats and drank of the wines from the king's table. After ten days the children were taken before the king and of all Daniel was the strongest and wisest and most beautiful.

The king had all the great men come and see the children and when all the wise men and children were seated in the palace the king asked the wise men many questions but they could not answer them. Then he asked Daniel and he could answer every question the king asked. The king and the wise men looked at Daniel and wondered what made him so wise and beautiful but they did not know it was because he kept the Word of Wisdom.

Some time after this the king had a dream and he wanted the wise men to tell him what it meant, but they could not. So the king was very angry and said all the wise men of the land must be killed. Daniel said: "Go tell the king if he will give me time I will tell him the meaning of his dream." The king said he would wait. Then Daniel went home and prayed to the Lord to show him the meaning of the king's dream.

Because Daniel had been good and kept the Word of Wisdom the Lord showed him the meaning of the dream.

Then Daniel went to the king and before all the wise men and the other

children he told the king what his dream meant.

They all looked on Daniel with wonder and the king was so pleased that he made Daniel one of the great men of the land.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Last Sunday we talked about the things which the Lord has told us to eat so we will grow strong and intelligent. Now today would you like to know what else we can do to make our bodies strong and our minds bright.

You know our bodies are homes in which our spirits live. The Lord has told us He wants us to keep these bodies just as clean as we can. How can we do this? Yes, by taking a bath, by keeping our nails clean and also brushing our teeth. There are three things only that we should put in our mouths and I am going to tell you what they are: Food we eat, the water we drink and the toothbrush. Once a little boy was ill and his mama sent for the doctor. When the doctor came he asked the little boy what he had put in his mouth and the boy said a nickel. Then the doctor told him this nickel may have had disease germs on it and they had gone down into his stomach. After that the boy was very careful about what he put into his mouth.

Illustration: A Mysterious Voice.

[Solomon Kimball.]

Text—*Improvement Era*, August, 1906, Vol. IX.

Aim—The same.

Who can tell me the name of the boy we talked about last Sunday? Where was he taken to live? What did Daniel want to do while he lived in the king's palace? What did the Lord do for Daniel because he kept the Word of Wisdom?

Once upon a time it had been raining for many days. It had rained so hard that nearly all the dams and

bridges were washed away and some of the people were afraid their homes might be washed away. The men had to work very hard for many days trying to get the bridges and dams fixed. They would haul loads of rock into the river to stop the water. One of these men was named Solomon Kimball. One day after Brother Kimball had hauled several loads of rock he felt very tired, so he said, "I believe I'll have a chew of tobacco." But just as he was going to take it he heard a voice say, "Don't chew any more tobacco." He looked around to see who had said this but no one was in sight. Then he went after another load of rock. On his way he said to himself, "Wasn't I foolish for thinking I heard a voice telling me not to chew any more tobacco when no one was near."

Brother Kimball just loved tobacco and he didn't think he was doing wrong by chewing, so when he came back he was just going to take a chew when he heard the same voice saying, "Never take another chew of tobacco as long as you live."

Again he looked around to see who was speaking but no one was near.

When the men stopped to eat their lunch they said, "What makes Brother Kimball so quiet?" He said nothing for he was thinking of the strange voice he had heard.

In the afternoon he worked hard again and was very tired, so just after he unloaded his last load of rock he said to himself, "I am not going to be so foolish and think I heard a voice telling me not to chew tobacco when no one was near. I'll just have a chew of my good tobacco." But just as he was about to take a bite he heard the same voice say, "Never touch tobacco as long as you live." Again he looked around but could see no one.

Brother Kimball made up his mind to do as the voice told him. That night he told his wife what he had heard. She was a very good woman and said, "Let us fast and pray together and the Lord will make you

strong so you will never want to touch tobacco again."

After Mr. Kimball had fasted for twenty-four hours he kneeled down and asked the Lord to help him so he would not touch tobacco again. When he had finished his prayer the Lord's Spirit whispered, "If you will keep the Word of Wisdom you will never want to eat or drink anything which is not good for you."

Not long after this Brother Kimball was very sick and had to go to the doctor. The first thing the doctor asked him was if he drank tea or coffee or ate much meat or used tobacco, "for if you do," said the doctor, "you cannot live very long."

But because he kept the Word of Wisdom, Brother Kimball's life was spared for many years.

FOURTH SUNDAY—GIFT OF HEALING.

Text—James 5:14-15; Doc. & Cov. sec. 42:43, 44.

Aim—To be chosen by teachers.

Tell some instance to show God's power through His servants to help His children if they are faithful. If the teacher knows of no instance suitable for our department "The Little Blind Boy of Holland," JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Nov. 15, 1907, page 679, or "Their Faith was Rewarded," JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 43, page 148, may be adapted.

If we want to grow strong we must not only eat the right kind of food and keep our bodies clean but we must have plenty of pure air. I once knew a little boy who nearly always had the headache. When I went to his home I found that he lived in a house where all the windows were kept down and the doors closed so no pure air came into the rooms. I told his mama that if she would let in the fresh air the little boy would be better. Now he is strong and does not have any more headaches.

A Queer Boy.

He doesn't like study, it weakens his eyes,
But the right sort of book will insure a surprise;
Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's tired as a hound,
Very weary of life, and of tramping around;
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night,
The showman will capture him some day,
I fear,
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head aches to split,
And his back is so lame that he can't dig a bit;
But mention football, and he's cured very soon,
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon!
Do you think he plays 'possum? He seems quite sincere;
But— isn't it queer?

For Fathers and Mothers.

Anti-Dismals.

Good Morning.

Good morning, Brother Sunshine;
Good morning, Sister Song;
I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
To shut you out were sin.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness;
Good morning, Sister Smile;
They told me you were coming,
So I waited on a while.
I'm lonesome here without you;
A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness;
Good morning, Sister Cheer;
I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here.
Some way I keep forgetting
I have to toil and spin
When you are my companions;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

—J. W. Foley in New York Sun.

God's Unfailing Love.

To the Christian every day should be one of thanksgiving. Few indeed are the days when one may not put his finger upon some blessing, some cause for thankfulness. Even in the midst of trouble and anxiety there is some rift of light which separates the dark cloud and gives cheer and hope to the heart. If we are sincere Christians we cannot doubt God's love for us and that whatever befalls us is permitted by Him for some wise purpose. We may be tempted when the shadows fall heavily to wonder if God cares, but if we trust Him the time will surely come when we shall feel true gratitude for the frowning providence which seemed to surround us. We cannot always understand God's mysteries. King David

did not; he was often cast down and disquieted, but peace came to his soul, and he was led to praise God even for his sorrows and afflictions.

Wherein Lies Success.

It is attention to detail that secures success. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," means just as surely "be careful of the little things and the big ones will look after themselves."

The Scotsman's proverbial anxiety about his bawbees "halfpennies" is the true explanation of his habit of reaching the top. Nothing is too small for the "canny Scot."

Indifference to the little things is often the door which shuts a young man or woman out from a chosen career. The girl who applies for a position in an unsuitable hat is dubbed "frivolous" at once, be she ever so sober, and the youth who is carelessly attired is ear-marked "no use."

In the history of the unfortunate there is usually some "little thing" which is the pivot upon which the future turned. The parting of the ways has more often been at the instance of a little thing than men and women suppose. It is a little thing which spoils the useful employe. "He is very good, but—" and it is the "but" that carries weight. It is a little weakness which brings the man to the dust—the "little fox that spoils the vine."

Since women are so dependent upon little things it is surprising that they do not pay more attention to them. Thus there are women still unpunctual—though not more so than many men—still careless about personal appearance, still unconscious of the importance of answering letters, oblivious to the laws of health, turning a deaf ear to the decrees of the doctor, going blindly on their way, making ready with a thousand little things for the big one that will surely come. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine."

Seed Thoughts for Boys.

Making Manhood.

It is easier to acquire money than character. In the estimation of the better-thinking world there is one thing more valuable than property and higher than position—it is manhood. Better be a man than merely a millionaire. A few gentlemen are born, far more are made. Old William of Wykeham said: "Manners make the man," but it were nearer the truth to say, "Man makes his manners," and his manners make his success or account for the lack of it.

There are many things of which ignorance is bliss and wisdom folly—things that a man cannot learn without being damaged all his life. "As an eel, if he were to wriggle across your carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there are many things which no person can know and ever recover from the knowledge of."

Emerson says: "The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of men the country turns out." "Manhood overtops all titles." A man is rich or poor, not according to what he has, but what he is. "'Tis only noble to be good." Collateral can never take the place of character. Character is capital.

Everybody avoids a repulsive personality. An offensive manner jars upon refined taste. "Virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner." More men succeed in life by their kindness of manner than by their talents. Good manners, like the sunshine, are welcome everywhere. The world needs much of this sunshine, and it has great rewards for those who supply its wants. Good manners are the rails on which you can ride into the Union Depot of Success. If your passing provokes a hiss,

you have laid the rails wrong; if it wins applause, you are on the right rails and the depot is not far distant.

Anciently the Romans worshiped virtue and honor as gods; they built two temples which were so situated that none could enter the temple of honor without passing through the temple of virtue. Among the Greeks and Romans in their best days honor was more sought after than wealth. Times changed. Wealth became the surest passport to honor and respectability was endangered by poverty. But "Rome was Rome no more" when the imperial purple had become an article of traffic and when gold could purchase with ease the honors that patriotism and valor once secured only with difficulty.

A Lover of His Mother.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a pure love and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both.

I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with a good mother.

Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl, may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother, in her middle age, is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sear-leaved autumn as he did in the daisy spring-time.

Seed Thoughts for Girls.

Insignificant Thorns.

If you should put down, in black and white, the thing that soured the day for you, some of you would be ashamed to look yourselves in the face, for twenty-four hours at the least. There are girls who start the day out of sorts because they didn't get their favorite cut of steak for breakfast, or because the shirt-waist they planned to wear had not yet come from the laundry. Instead of going on through the morning under the vague impression that somehow you have been ill-treated, stop and ask yourself where the trouble lies. Nine times out of ten, it will be such a small, insignificant little thorn that you will be ashamed to go on fretting about it.

The Embarrassed Girl.

If you are so shy that it is painful, instead of trying to brazen it out or retiring into your shell, go in for cultivating self-forgetfulness.

It is misery to be conscious of embarrassment. No one knows this better than the victim; yet often she sees no way to conquer her feelings.

Sometimes she makes the attempt by fighting her failing. Generally she errs in overdoing and appears pert, rude or aggressive, when in reality she is working hard to feel at ease.

Too often she doesn't put up any fight. Because she is shy she shuns everyone and every place where she will feel uncomfortable, and too soon is hopelessly submerged by her unfortunate self-consciousness.

The only certain cure for embarrassment is self-forgetfulness. There is an old saying that the one sure way to make friends is to be a friend. This may be paraphrased to read that the one way not to think too much of yourself is to fill up your thoughts with someone else.

The next time you dread going into society try to recall someone of your acquaintances who is shyer and more

awkward than you are. Determine to make her enjoy herself for one time, at least. If your efforts are honest, you will be surprised to find that you have been so busy in good-times giving that you have forgotten to be embarrassed.

The next time you are caught by your failing, hunt up another buffer for your embarrassment, and before long not only will your shyness be in leash, but you will find you have become popular where before you were pitied or shunned.—*Selected.*

No Secrets from Mother.

The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of girls, the better. She who has none of her own, is best and happiest. In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother, do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, we mean, of course. The girl who frankly says to her mother: "I have been there. I met So-and-so. Such and such remarks were made, and this and that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows out of great experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition. It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them, that they rebuke and scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not yet know, girls, just what is right and just what is wrong. You cannot be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will not be likely to do anything very wrong if, from the first, you have no secrets from your mother.—*Selected.*

Observations on a Trip Through Southern Utah.

By W. A. Morton.

II.

Wednesday morning, May 1st, we left Pipe Springs and proceeded to Kanab, where a Sunday School conference had been appointed for the following day. When about half way we came across an object which, as we approached it, caused us to stop and gaze in wonder and admiration. Out there on the desert, as on the bosom of the mighty ocean, lay a mammoth "steamship." Its construction must have occupied ages. Nature alone was the designer and builder, and she did her work well. We are told that during the erection of Solomon's Temple neither the sound of hammer, ax, or other tool was heard within the sacred building. It was the same when this great "ship of the desert" was being fashioned. The "vessel" is made entirely of stone, "cut out of the mountain without hands," and is an almost perfect figure of a steamship. We christened it the "Titanic." Then the question arose as to its size. I guessed it half a mile long. Elder Woolley "bet me twenty thousand dollars it was a mile and a half long." He and Superintendent Richards climbed up the mountain side to get, if possible, a correct estimate of its size. That was impossible, so the "bet" was declared off.

We arrived in Kanab shortly after noon, and received a hearty welcome. A little later we were introduced to a large, handsome woman, who we were informed was the Mayoress of Kanab. She is an active Church worker, holding several important ecclesiastical positions, she also takes an active part in politics. Think of a town council composed entirely of women. Well, that's what we found in Kanab, and we were told their administration has given entire satisfaction. They passed an ordinance

that the streets be kept clean, and they insisted on the ordinance being observed, too.

At 2 and 8 p. m. the following day the meetings of the Sunday School conference were held. Great interest was manifested in the proceedings, and much valuable instruction was given by the members of the General Board. We began the return trip at 6 o'clock the next morning. In the afternoon we were caught in a blinding snow storm, but we kept our spirits up by singing Sunday School songs. Night came. It found us out in the desert, many miles from the abode of man. We built a sagebrush fire, cooked a little supper, and then went to "bed." Elders Richards and Woolley had "hair mattresses"—the cushions out of the wagons, and it was amusing to see them trying to balance themselves on them. They got very little sleep. I think they had to get up several times during the night and walk around and rest themselves.

We reached St. George at 4:30 next afternoon. The Miles family were on hand again to receive us. Refreshing baths and a splendid supper made us feel like new creatures. As we were driving into St. George I was reminded of a remarkable incident which took place there a number of years ago. Elder George M. Cannon, a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, was the first white male child born in Dixie. When he was a young man he did considerable freighting between Milford and St. George. On one occasion he was returning from Milford with a load of flour. On reaching the "black ridge," he got off the wagon, as the road was very steep and dangerous. It was also so narrow that he was obliged to walk on the top of rocks which lined the side. He was holding the lines, and jumping from rock to rock as he fol-

lowed the team. He made a misstep, and in doing so fell in front of the wheels of the heavily-loaded wagon. He felt the wheels press upon him, and expected his life to be crushed out instantly. Just then, he was lifted by some unseen power—a personage from the unseen world—and placed on the top of the rock wall. We can imagine his feelings on that occasion. His heart was filled with gratitude and he gave thanks and praise to the Lord for saving him from such an untimely death.

At 8 o'clock in the evening a meeting was held with the Sunday School

Board of St. George Stake, and at midnight we boarded the stage. We rode all that night and all the next day, and after spending a night in the train we arrived in Salt Lake at 6:30 Sunday morning. On my way home I was addressed by a friend. "Just getting back from another trip," she said. I told her where I had been. What do you think she said? "My, what a nice time you brethren must have riding round the country!" I did not answer her. I just thought of what I heard a street urchin say once, "Wouldn't that jar you?"



READY FOR THE GAME.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Our Last Circus.

By Mrs. T. B. Lewis.

"Mamma, I feel cross," said little Marcia Morton, one hot afternoon in August.

"Well, dearie, that is not the right way to feel," said mamma Morton. "Busy yourself about something pleasant and don't think about yourself until you are better natured."

"I am tired of playing with my dollies, and Rob gave the hammock a jerk which came near throwing Lollie out, so I told him to go and swing in his own hammock, and we aren't very good friends now. I like to sew but it is so hot my hands perspire and my work gets mussy. How shall I amuse myself, mamma?"

"Your case is not at all desperate, my child. Take this big fan and cool yourself off."

"That will be awfully dull mamma unless you talk to me."

"That I will gladly do if you will wait patiently until I finish writing; but if you are anxious to be entertained right away, I think I can furnish a good substitute. Where is Theo?"

"Here, Ma. What can I do for you?" answered a tall youth who had taken possession of the deserted hammock.

"Can't you amuse your sisters awhile?"

"I will be happy to try," answered Theo, as I am under overwhelming obligations to you for similar services, I shall be glad to reduce the debt whenever an opportunity occurs."

"Come here girlies," he called, at the same time making room for them by pushing aside a big pile of Youth's Companions and a volume of Shakespeare, in whose company he was usu-

ally found when at home, for as he said "the two make a good library."

"Shakespeare has written about more kinds of people than any other person ever has, and the Youth's Companion teaches each and all how to take one's self in hand and make the best that can be made of the material one finds in himself."

"Well, little sisters, what shall we play?" questioned Theo, when the little girls had seated themselves in the hammock beside him.

"We don't want to play," they answered in concert.

"What can I do for you then?"

"Can't you tell us a story that has something true in it?"

"That I can," said Theo. I'll tell you a story with a whole lot of truth in it. I may have to doctor it a little in spots, that is, mend it where there is a break. So here goes.

"Once upon a time when these pretty brown curls were not so long as they are now, and my mustache had not started to grow," said Theo, caressing Marcia's soft curls with one hand and his upper lip with the other.

"Was I there, too?" piped Lollie.

"No, my little cherub, that was before I had the honor of your acquaintance."

"I s'pose I was an angel then, looking at you all out of the sky, only I was so little I can't remember," added Lollie.

"I hope so," replied Theo, "but I can't truly say, my little dear, but you must listen or we can't get on with our story."

"Well, at the time I was telling you about, we lived in a comfortable house, with large rooms, in the city of S—. We also had a large orchard, with apple, plum, pear and peach trees, near

the house. There was an old foundation for a building in the center of the orchard. We had a good garden, kept cows and chickens and had a horse and buggy. Aunt C. Lived near us, and cousins Howard, Helen and Eugie, together with brother Will, sister Mary, myself, and last, but not least by a mighty long way, our respective mothers, used to get up no end of entertainments in that dear old orchard.

"But the frolic I am telling you about was gotten up without the help of our mothers, though they were respectfully invited to witness the fun.

"Forepaugh's circus had dazzled S—— with its splendor a few weeks before and half the boys in town had been doing their little best to imitate the wonderful feats of its acrobats, or jumping jacks as we called them. You have been to the circus, and you know what I mean.

"We, Cousin Howard and I, were no exceptions. We put up a horizontal bar and practiced on it until we were quite proud of what we could accomplish. One day, while doing an errand for pa, I found a large bat. In shape it was so much like the vampire I saw in Forepaugh's show that we called it the vampire, and from that time we worked like beavers to get up a circus and menagerie. One of our chums had a donkey, another had a large Newfoundland dog, one had two rabbits, one black the other white. These added to our domestic animals gave us a good start.

"Theo Mysam, our most particular friend and associate, got up the tickets and printed them with his father's printing press.

"But you will get tired if I tell you all about the work of getting it up, so I will just tell you how it went off.

"When all was ready we sent Will to invite our mammas. We sent tickets marked "Comp." which meant they were to come free. I met them at the door of our pavilion and conducted them into reserved seats. Will was

door-keeper and when the neighbor's children came he shouted:

"The exhibition now begins; admission only thirteen pins."

"The children came prepared, for we had thoroughly advertised our show.

"We had a lot of turkey-red cloth and cheap, white muslin, which had been used on a float in a Fourth of July procession. Our costumes were made of one or both of these colors.

"We formed a procession and marched around the old foundation. The procession was headed by two baby carriages. You Marcia, was in one of them, and a little boy born the same day you were, was in the other. I followed leading Bismarck, pa's buggy horse, next came Howard leading our fine Durham cow which had taken the premium the fall before and we called her Prem. She was our elephant as she was very large.

"Will led our gentle Devon cow. Although she possessed too much beauty to look like a camel, still we called her our camel. Eugie proudly escorted our pretty fawn colored Jersey calf and informed the spectators that she was a sacred cow from India. Al Douglas, who was lame, rode the donkey which represented a zebra, we having previously striped his sides with chalk. Theo Nysam led in his big dog which did noble service as a tame Rocky Mountain grizzly.

"Next came the cages of wild animals. A goat wagon held two lath cages, one containing our large maltese cat, and the other a black rooster. The cat made an excellent tiger—she was so cross at being shut up, but the rooster was rather a failure as an ostrich for he would insist upon crowing, thereby proclaiming the kind of bird he was.

"Another little wagon held an old bird cage with the bat in it, and a lath cage containing the rabbits. The boy that drew this wagon warned everybody not to come near as the vampire bat was a dangerous animal.

"A revolving wire-trap with two or three mice that we had caught from the barn the night before and had saved their lives for this special occasion, did good service as performing monkeys.

"The band boys, with a harmonica, a jews-harp, two whistles, a tin pan and a drum, brought up the rear, everybody saying the music was sufficient.

"When the animals belonging to the barn had been returned to the barn, and the others turned loose, the mice given to the cat, and the boys who had taken charge of the animals had taken their seats in the audience, Will, our gorgeously arrayed clown, ring-master and door-keeper, stepped from the dressing-room, made of a borrowed wagon cover, and announced, 'There will now be some performing by the Lopez brothers.' Howard and I came into the ring and after making our best bow and kissing our hands to the audience, proceeded to climb over each other, walk on our hands, balance broomsticks, and catch wooden knives until we were tired.

"Theo Nysam then brought in his big dog, which really did perform some very clever tricks.

"We repeated all the jokes we had heard at the circus, and then Howard and I with others performed on the horizontal bar.

"Candy, ginger-snaps, peanuts and lemonade were passed around, and our 'Great Allied Show' was disbanded.

"Oh, that was lovely," exclaimed Marcia and Lollie. Did you have any more after that?"

"Never, our mothers wouldn't tolerate the thought of it; besides, we were satisfied and did not want any more. Howard's eyes were sore a long time after and his mother thought it was caused by his trying to stand on his head so much."

"I guess you feel better now. Jump into the hammock and I'll give you a swing and then you can run and play."

Reading Aloud.

"Dear me," said mamma, "there is baby crying again, and all this pile of stockings to be mended!"

Josie sat in the rocking-chair by the fire reading a fairy tale; but when mamma said this, and ran upstairs to baby, she put down her book and came over to the table.

"Papa," she said, "play I was mamma, and read me something out of the newspaper, and I will mend stockings while she is gone."

So papa laughed, and began to read about stocks and exchange, and Josie mended away and pretended she was



very much interested, though she did not understand one word.

But when papa saw she was really in earnest, and sewing industriously, he turned over to another part of the paper and found a nice story to read aloud, such a nice one, that, when mamma came down, Josie did not feel at all inclined to give up her work.

"It is much better than reading all to myself," she said. "You sit in the

rocking-chair, mamma, and rest, for I know you are just as tired as you can be, and I will mend all the stockings."

"No," said mamma, "there are too many, and they must all be done to-night; but you shall help me, and perhaps papa will go on reading aloud to us both."

And this was the beginning of many pleasant evenings, when Josie helped mamma and listened to papa's reading, instead of letting mamma do all the work, while she amused herself selfishly alone by the fireside.

The Troubles of a Bare Tree.

Ida Stewart Peay,

"Oh!" cried Sally in disappointed accents as they entered the gate, "I cannot play out under the dear little apple tree, for see—it is quite bare."

"That is too bad," said her mamma. "This time last year, when we arrived, it was all in blossom. But this is such a late spring. Ugh, it's cold and how the wind blows!" she shivered, hurrying forward to open the large country house.

Just then North Wind pecked around the corner of the house. "Whew!" he whistled noisily, "whew, whew, whew!"

"Dear me," cried the lady, "I do not see how I'm going to be able to keep little girlie out of doors in this kind of weather,"—and she looked tenderly and anxiously down at her frail child. Little Sallie said nothing, but the lone Bare Tree in the corner, who had looked forward to this day for a long time, fancied she saw a soft pearly tear glistening in the big brown eyes as they turned one last sorrowful look in her direction. That look was too much for the Bare Tree and she began to moan and murmur and sigh dismally.

It had been hard enough she complained, "to be obliged to stand here for weeks on this hill and be exposed in all my unsightliness to the unkind gaze of every idle passer-by;

but to disappoint the 'Little Girl,' to be unable to help her and to be deprived of her gay and congenial companionship is almost too hard to bear."

"Too bad! Too Bad!" mocked the North Wind poking his saucy face around the gable-end of the old house, and teasingly echoing the mournful tones of the Bare Tree. "Too bad! But pride must have a fall. You were too vain to speak to me last spring when your mother dressed you up in a fine fancy gown; so the wise old dame is going to punish you for it and not make you any dress at all this year. Wee, whee, whee!" he laughed.

"Be off, you wicked fellow. Why do you hang around here to gloat over my misery. Besides, your words are false; my mother is not displeased with me, she is merely too busy as yet to attend to the making of my spring wardrobe," defended the unhappy tree, but her words were but weakly uttered for she did not believe them herself.

"Ho! ho! whoo! whoo!" scoffed the cold North Wind. "Poor excuse is better than none; of course she's busy. She is busy sewing for all the other trees." He laughed uproariously at this for he saw the waiting tree give a start of surprise.

"Mercy," thought she, "I wonder if that is true. Could it be possible that I am the only Bare Tree?" She looked around to find out, but stretch her neck as she would, she could not see the big peach orchard on the slope of the hill and she was already aware that she was the only tree on the little bench. She had always been very proud of this distinction for on that account she had received undue attention, not to say homage, from the "Little Girl" and also from those lively and frolicsome creatures the birds.

"Whee he!" laughed the North Wind. "Oh, dear! ooh, dear-r-r!" he moaned and sighed tauntingly as he saw the perplexity of the poor naked tree. Then he called the dainty and

capricious Snow Cloud who often played hide and seek with him around the old gables, and together they teased and worried the undressed tree until she was almost beside herself. Especially was she wretched when she would get a glimpse of the big brown eyes peering wistfully at her from the window and she would recall with a painful longing and unrest that other happy season when the "Little Girl" grew strong and rosy under her care and the birds delighted to sing her melodies the whole day through.

One day she was bewailing her fate sorrowfully. Not to be able to do the good that one could and should do, she felt, was altogether too aggravating and cruel and she decided that life was not worth living. But when she had reached the most bitter moment of her existence the Blue Sky peeked down at her from between two dissenting Snow Clouds.

"What is the matter?" he inquired cheerily as he saw the tree's distress.

"It is easy to see what is the matter with me, murmured the little apple tree looking dolefully down upon her unlovely bare limbs. "The 'Little Girl' has been here ever so long, waiting for the scientific nerve-restoring treatments given in my hospitable and airy parlors, but how can I entertain when I have no clothes. And it seems that I am never to have any."

"Oh, you must not despair," soothed the kindly Sky. "All things come to those who wait—"

"I do not believe that old saying," interrupted the suffering tree. "I feel sure when I have waited a little longer the ax-man will come along and mark me for the wood pile."

"You are just a little discouraged now," laughed the old Blue Sage good-naturedly. "But I assure you a little waiting is a very good thing. We accept the pleasures of our work and play with indifference and thanklessness until they are denied us for a time, then we realize what a wealth

of joy they held, so when they are returned to us we are happier than ever before and even glad that we had to wait for them."

"I cannot see it that way," said the tree disconsolately.

"You will some day," said the Sky with a farewell wave of his hand for the Snow Clouds re-united and hid him from view.

But the kindly Sky did not forget the troubles of the Bare Tree; he planned to get up a surprise party for her and accordingly went around and invited all of her dearest friends. Thus it happened that before the little apple stripling got her eyes open next morning she was surrounded by a horde of lively bright sun fairies who laughingly cried, "Surprise," and then turned the party into a sewing bee and fell to work upon her spring clothes. The party lasted several days, the sky being there to see that everything went off all right. Finally the dainty white and pink undergarments were finished and on the tree and the "Little Girl" ran out clapping her hands.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "my little apple tree is in blossom and I thought it was dead."

The Bare Tree brightened at this but she was still worried about her dress for North Wind continued to poke his head around the corner of the house when no one was looking and declare she would never get one.

At this juncture some one called, "A race, a race." Everybody looked up and there was Rain Cloud and South Wind racing in their great grey automobiles. They ran over Snow Cloud and she perished but crafty North Wind got away and never ventured back there again.

After this it was not long until the little tree was arrayed in her handsome green satin summer costume and the "Little Girl" and the birds almost lived in her airy parlors.

When the Sky heard a sweet joyful song he looked down. It was the lit-

the tree who was not slow to own that she was thankful for her long wait for she said, "That little period of sorrow helped me know this newer and deeper gladness."

How Benny won the Race.

By L. L. Greene Richards.

The Donts lived on a farm. There was a large family of children ranging in age from the eldest, seventeen years, to the baby, six months old.

There were many animals also; pussy cats, dogs, sheep, cows, pigs, and horses; besides fowls—geese, turkeys and chickens.

Papa and Mamma Dont were real good hearted people, and taught their children to be kind and gentle in all their words and actions, not only to each other and all with whom they associated at home or school, or anywhere, but also to all animals, and every living thing.

There were several pets among the animals they owned. But one very good-natured and intelligent horse, called Dolly, was the favorite of all. She would let the children climb upon her back, one, two, three or four at a time, as many as could possibly hold on, and then she would step very cautiously and slowly, or gallop off in haste, just according to the age, or the ability to ride, of the children she carried.

One evening three of the younger boys, Claude, Asa and Benny were sent to the pasture with some work horses which their father and older brothers had been using and brought home. The little boys were full of fun and sport, so they stayed in the pasture and played until Claude happened to think it would be best for them to hurry home and get their choring done before they should be called to supper.

"Let's run a race!" he proposed to his younger brothers. "All right," said Asa, who, although younger than Claude, could sometimes beat him at

running a race. "And the one that gets home first," Asa continued, "shall not have to help with the chores—Eh?" "And the one that gets home last," Claude assented, shall have to do them all—feed the pigs, shut up the chickens and get in all the kindling."

Both Claude and Asa looked at Benny and then started for home on the run. Benny looked after them. What use was there of his running with his short little legs? None whatever. He could do all the work Claude had mentioned if it were necessary, and he should not mind doing it under ordinary circumstances. But to have his brothers try to force it upon him in a way that he considered unfair, didn't make him feel good. He stood a moment thinking whether he would tell them when he got home that he was not going to do the work they had intended to leave for him, or if it would not look better natured and more manly for him to just hurry up and do it all as though he enjoyed it.

Dolly, the pet horse, noticed the little boy waiting there and approached him with a loving little noise that sounded like "Hwan, hwan!"

"Oh, Dolly!" Benny exclaimed, reaching up his arms, "How could I get on your back, all by myself? And then!"

Dolly seemed to understand the whole case perfectly. "Hwan, hwan, hwan!" she said encouragingly, putting her head down close to Benny. And as if he understood her also, he caught her fore-lock in one hand, and with a gallant spring placed himself on the horse's neck in an instant. Dolly lifted her head high at once, and then it was no trick at all for Benny to slip down to her back and flip around, so as to face her head instead of her tail, and he was ready to ride.

"Quick, now, Dolly—quick, quick!" and Benny struck his little heels against Dolly's shoulders, when she sped away, fleetly but carefully.

"Hi! Ha! Goodbye!" called out

Benny to his brothers as he flew past them, still running but not yet half way home.

Dolly met Claude and Asa as she cantered back to the pasture after landing Benny safe on the door-step. The boys thought Dolly laughed at them as she tossed her head, but she was chewing an apple which their sister Fanny had slipped into her mouth while Benny was sliding off her back.

A Difference of Opinion.

A Tree Toad sat on the branch of a tree,

And loudly he trilled for rain;

While his cousin, the Frog, in the pond below

Just begged him to stop, but in vain.

"It's quite wet enough," he said with a croak,

As he jumped on a lily-pad nigh—"Suppose you come down here and call on me,

If you're feeling so terribly dry!"

—A. A. Merriam.

Musical Trees.

In the West Indian Islands there is to be found a tree known as the whistling tree. It has a peculiar-shaped leaf, and its pods are split. A mournful, deep-toned whistle is caused by the wind passing through the leaves and pods.

There are a great many of these trees to be found in a valley in the Barbadoes, and people visiting this place are mystified as to the origin of the music.

There is also a certain species of the acacia growing in the Soudan which produces a flute-like note when the wind is blowing.

Why, When, and Where.

Ada—Shall we have a game of "Why, When, and Where" in the twilight, Philip?

Philip—If you please. Let me see; one goes out of the room, and the others fix on a word with many meanings, which he is to guess. That is it, is it not?

Ada—Yes; he or she may ask why you like it, when you like it, and where you like it, of each player in turn, and she guesses the word from the answers. The one whose reply betrays the word is obliged to go out as guesser the next time.

Walter—Let me go out first.

Ada—Very well. Now, Philip, that Walter is out of hearing, what word shall we take.

Philip—"Box"—I think that has no end of meanings.

Ada—Very well. Charley, call Walter in again.

Walter enters, and asks each person in turn, "Why do you like it?"

Ada—Because it is useful.

Anna—Because it is green.

Fanny—Because it is pretty.

Mabel—Because I could not travel without it.

Charly—Because it is necessary.

Mary—Because it is sometimes deserved.

Philip—Because it is of use during August and September.

Walter pauses to reflect, then begins again by asking Ada, When she likes it.

Ada—When I am at work.

Anna—At Christmas.

Fanny—When I am at the opera.

Mabel—When I don't suffer from it.

Charley—When I wish to take care of anything.

Mary—When it is made of crystal.

Philip—When it is made of bricks.

Walter, after reflection, begins with, Where do you like it?

Ada—In my pocket.

Anna—In the garden.

Fanny—At the play.

Mabel—Not on my ears.

Charley—On a carriage.

Mary—In the lumber-room.

Philip—On the moors.

Walter—I guess! A box. Mabel and Philip told me. She did not like it on her ears; he likes a shooting-box.

Philip—Yes, that is quite right. Now, Mabel must go out. We will give her "Bell" to discover.

The best words for this game are—"Bow, beau, bow (with the head);" "Bell, belle," (which has many differences); "Pale, pail;" "Hare, hair;" "I, eye;" "Cousin, cozen;" or any other words to which many different meanings may be found, or which contain many varieties, "Wine, whine," etc., etc.

The Children's Budget Box.

My Grandma.

My grandma dear is growing old,
Life is fading fast away;
And among the hairs of gold,
Many now are turning gray.

She was once a child so fair,
Never thought of doing wrong.
Let me always be like her,
And life will be as one sweet song.

I think I see her tripping, now,
O'er the fields of lawn green,
With her jingling, hearty laugh,
And in her eyes a merry gleam.

As now and then, in sylvan bower,
She spies a buttercup so fair,
She gaily laughs and plucks the flower
And twines it in her golden hair.

Flora Seegmiller,
Age 13. Orderville, Utah.



Lillie Mae Rees
Age 15. Brigham City, Utah.

A Little Eskimo Boy.

Once there was a little Eskimo boy
who lived all alone. He had two dogs,
and they would take him riding every
day. One day one of the dogs got his
leg hurt. The little boy felt very bad.
He went to the house and sat down and

wondered what he could do for his poor
dog. The well dog was gone—the little
boy could not find him anywhere, and
he felt very bad. All at once the well
dog came back with a bone in his mouth.

The little boy ran to the house and got
some nice food for both the dogs and
fixed a nice warm place for them to sleep.
In a few days the injured dog got better
and could take the little boy riding
again. The boy was very glad the dog
did not die, and now he goes riding with
them every day.

Elda Groneman,
Age 10. Provo.

When We Have Faith.

Johnny was a fatherless little boy. His
father died when he was about six years
old.

He and his mother lived on a farm
about two miles from the town.

They milked a few cows and made
butter. They sold some butter and eggs
for a living. Sometimes they would
have nothing but a little bread and milk
for their meals. But Johnny had lots of
faith and never grumbled, for he knew
the Lord would help him if he only did
what was right.

One day his mother took very sick,
which made him feel very sad. His
mother asked him to go to town and get
a "Mormon" Elder, so he could administer
to her. Before going, Johnny asked if
he might get some oil and rub on her
head and pray for her. His mamma said
Yes. When he was through praying his
mother got right up and was healed. So
little folks can do great things when
they have faith and do what is right.

Maybel Taylor,
Age 9. Laie, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands.

Teton Canyon.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of
July 19th, a large crowd of boys and
girls started up the grand Teton Canyon
for a pleasure trip. The sun was shining
brightly and the birds were singing. The
cool, fresh breeze coming from the can-
yon, made us appreciate our beautiful
mountain home.

About six miles straight up the canyon
there is a beautiful spot where the grass
is high and the trees surround a clearing.
It was here we stopped. There were
several stands where refreshments could
be bought. We ate candy, oranges, ice-
cream, lemonade, and nuts; then we went

over to the lake, which is about a quarter of a mile from the main road.

We crossed the Teton Creek on Beaver Dam, then went down a slope and there was the beautiful Teton lake. We went for a boat ride and enjoyed the cool, fresh air for about fifteen minutes. At last we started up the hill on the southern side of the lake. It was a very difficult place to climb, for it was very steep and covered with large, loose rocks. We climbed until we reached a cliff about six hundred feet high. A stream of water was falling over the cliff, and when it reached the ground it was just a spray. We stood under the spray for a little while and then looked around at the beautiful scenery. Toward the east were the beautiful Teton peaks stretching high into the air; on the north were some very large rocks and cliffs; on the west we could look down into the beautiful Teton Valley.

We started down the canyon about six o'clock and reached home at dusk.

Owen Huff,

Age 12.

Alta, Wyoming.



By Alice Porter,
Age 16. Hatch, Utah.

Four Maxims.

Help the weak, if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault, if you are wrong;
If you are angry, hold your tongue.

Dorthea Hermansen,

Age 12.

Elsinore, Utah.

A Happy Band.

We're a band of happy children,
In the land of Deseret,
Striving hard to do our duty;
And we never shall forget
How our blessed Lord and Savior
Came to earth to lay the plan:
How He freely paid the ransom
That we all might live again.

We should seek to do His bidding,

Follow in the path He trod;
Seeking for His love and mercy,
Holding fast the "iron rod."
He will love to own and bless us,
If we strive to do what's right;
He will watch and guide our footsteps.
In the path of truth and light.

Leone Calder,

Age 12. Garden City, Utah.

Our Little Baby.

We have a little baby,
So tiny and so wee;
And whereabouts she came from
Is a mystery to me.

She has two tiny blue eyes,
A tiny little nose;
And there beneath her dresses
You'll find ten tiny toes.

Lydia E. Pace,

Age 8. Woodruff, Ariz.

Night.

The day is now going,
The night falls at last,
And the pale, silvery moon,
Like a great ball of glass
In the heavens, is beaming,
While the stars, one by one,
In the deep blue is shining:
Night rules; she has come.

Jannett Johnson,

Age 13. Way, Idaho.

COMPETITION NO. 26.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.
Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size.

Drawings: Any size.

Rules.

Competition will close October 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

Pictures should not be folded.

Address, The Children's Budget Box,
Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Puzzle Page.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

Hidden Trees:

1, Cedar; 2, Elm; 3, Lemon; 4, Fir; 5, Locust; 6, Rubber.

Hidden Parts of a Buggy.

1, Seat; 2, Tire; 3, Shaft; 4, Wheel; 5, Top; 6, Axle.

Many correct solutions of both puzzles have been received, and we are following the same rule adopted last month of separating the answers into ages and awarding the prizes to one of the best in each class. Here are the winners:

9 yrs.—Pansy M. Owens, 1155 N. Garfield, Pocatello, Ida.

10 yrs.—Dorothy Anderson, R. F. D. No. 1, Vernal, Utah.

11 yrs.—Elsa Hunsaker, Tremonton, Utah.

12 yrs.—Philo Farnsworth, Box 165, Manti, Utah.

13 yrs.—Edna Christensen, Elwood, Utah.

14 yrs.—Zina Guthrie, Mesa Arizona.

15 yrs.—Leonore Richardson, Colonia Diaz, Mex., Floy Bingham, Snowville, Utah.

16 yrs.—Mae Green, Driggs, Idaho.

Henry J. Miles, St. George, Utah.

Sentence Puzzle.

By Rulon P. Bennion, Vernal, Utah.

—u—t—a—t —e— f—o— a
—o—i—a— a—d —e—e—s— t—e
—e—a—n—e—.

Fill in the blanks and solve the puzzle. The answer is the name of a close relative.

This puzzle was printed in the July number of the Juvenile Instructor in connection with two others. As we did not receive one answer to this sentence puzzle we are again offering it to our young readers in the hope that some one may solve it.

Rules.

For the ten best answers we will award book prizes.

Competition will close October 1st.

Answers must be written in ink and bear the name, age, and address of the sender.

Address Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

I TURN BACK ADEN 'FORE NIGHT.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

"Mamma, 'oo want to tiss me?

I's doein' for long, long wide,
But I tum back aden wite soon."

Two blue eyes at her side,

Gaze merrily into mother's,

Two ripe lips parted, sweet,

Await the answer to accept,

Then speed the toddling feet.

Chains, boxes, footstools wrong side up,

Compose the wondrous train,

That's soon to bear our boy away

To countries of his brain.

"Dood bye," he calls, "I's doin' fast,"

And now he shouts with might,

"I love 'oo, mamma, don't 'oo ty,

I turn back 'fore it's night."

"I tum back 'fore it's night," those words,

How full they fill the heart

With prayer to God for strength to show

Our boy the better part;

To hold him close by hands of love,







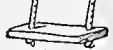



















And ever guide aright,

That he may shun life's darkness,



And the wreckage of its night.

The Runaway Doll





(X)










 DOROTHY DOT was playing house out in the barn. The  was a fine place to play in. Dick kept his  there, in a ; and tame  lived in the loft; and there were heaps of soft  on each side, and a fine  in the middle. Dorothy Dot was giving a tea-party for her new  that Little Bob had brought her in a fish- for her birthday. The doll had a new , and new , and a new , and looked very lovely. "Her name is Rose Rambler," said , who liked to tease; "and she is a Runaway !" "She is a dear doll," said  "And you must run away yourself. We don't want a  at our party." So  went away and played with his , and Dorothy Dot set the  with her little , and had tea with an , a  and a  of milk. Then she gave each  a turn in the ; and then she sat down on the  to tell them a story --- when some one called to her from









the . "Be good, children!" she said, and away she went. Then Dick ran and caught up , and looked round for a place to hide her. "She is a



Runaway !" he laughed to himself, and tucked her into a  of corn by the . Just then some one called to him from the , and away he went too. And into the

 came Dan, the hired , and tied up the  of corn and carried it out to the  to take it to Farmer Gray. "Where is ?" cried , when she came back. And "Where is ?" cried , when he saw the  of corn was gone. "I told you she was a Runaway Doll!"

Then  saw tears in Dorothy Dot's , and told her. "I'm sorry," he said. "And I will save up all my  to buy you another ." "You are a dear brother," said Dorothy Dot. "And we do want a  at our party!" So they had tea with another ,



and another  of milk. But  had been carried off in the  of corn to Farmer Gray's.

Laughlets

Proved.

"Do you believe in luck?"
"Yes, sir. How else could I account for the success of my neighbors?"

The Consideration.

Sam—Will you keep our engagement secret for the present?

Lulu—All right; but where's the present?

Unused.

"Sir, I have all the gems of English literature in my library."

"Yes, and I notice they are uncut gems."

A Good Way.

Mrs. Higgins—I just love to shut my eyes and think.

Mr. Higgins—Why don't you try that with your mouth sometime, dear?

Still Happy.

Freddie—What's an optimist, dad?
Cobwigger—He's the fellow who doesn't know what's coming to him.

The Key.

Miss Byrd—I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song."

Bright Young Man—Why don't you get the key and you don't have to break in?

His Choice.

"If you had to choose between me and a million dollars, which would you take?"

"I'd take the million; after that you'd be easy."

Furious.

First Deaf Mute—He wasn't so very angry, was he?

Second Deaf Mute—He was so wild that the words he used almost blistered his fingers.

The Vacuum Cleaner.

Percy—I was dusting off my desk this morning when a wude man came in.

Harold—Yes.

Percy—And he asked my employah wheah he got the vacuum cleaner.

An Advantage.

Mr. Higgins—Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg.

Mrs. Higgins—Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice.

A Good Story.

"He invented a dandy story to tell his wife when he got home after midnight."

"Good one, was it?"

"A peach; it would satisfy any woman."

"Did it satisfy her?"

"It would have, but he couldn't tell it."

Bughouse.

A traveling man lately wandered into a remote hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning was asked by the landlord how he rested.

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night from insomnia."

The landlord was mad in a minute, and roared: "I'll bet you two dollars there ain't one in my house!"

Good Fishing.

K. M. Wharry was telling some friends about a proposed fishing trip to a lake in Colorado he had in contemplation.

"Are there any trout out there?" asked one friend.

"Thousands of 'em," replied Mr. Wharry.

"Will they bite easily?" asked another friend.

"Will they?" said Mr. Wharry. "Wh— they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."

What's in a Name?

Judge Alton D. Parker, Democratic candidate for President in 1904, is said to tell as a favorite story the tale of a young man in Savannah named Du Bose, who invited his sweetheart to take a buggy ride with him. The young woman had a very fetching lisp. When they reached a rather lonesome bit of road the young man announced:

"This is where you have to pay toll. The toll is either a kiss or a squeeze."

"Oh, Mr. Du Both" exclaimed his companion.—Human Life.

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The readers of the Juvenile Instructor who
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Say that you saw it in THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.



ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER.

By L. M. Cross.

Mothers, do you have quiet, confidential talks with your daughter concerning a subject, the ignorance of which is the cause of much misery in this world? We were in a leading Philadelphia printing plant some time ago. There was a man in the office evidently in deep trouble; his frame shook with emotion and his face was wet with tears. After he left, the proprietor said to me: "That is a sad case. His wife died some years ago, and his only daughter—a girl of sixteen—has gone wrong." No mother to warn her against the wiles of wicked men and to tell her of the value of that priceless jewel—a woman's virtue.

The daily press, saturated with the chroniclings of vice and unmentionable sins, comes to our homes and finds its way into the hands of our daughters. If the mothers are not telling the daughters, they are getting the knowledge from their school companions, and this, together with the daily paper, has caused the ruin of many a fair girl and broken many a parent's heart.

When shall we talk to our daughters upon this vital subject? We would say that just as soon as their natural curiosity is aroused about the mystery of birth. You had better be a year too soon than a moment too late—that is before the mischief has been wrought and they have received impure ideas upon the subject.

Just another illustration coming to our own notice: A mother, the wife of a prominent Christian worker, whose conscience had been stirred by the thought that she had never spoken to her daughter (a bright girl of twelve) upon this sacred subject, that very day, as she thought of it, asked the girl of her knowledge of the subject; and she was fairly stunned as she heard a string of language, strange indeed to the pure wife and mother, which exhibited such human depravity, from a mere child's lips. "Why, daughter," she cried out in hor-

ror. "Where did you learn such language?" "In—school." She received a shock that she has not yet gotten over. In later talks with her child she found that this matter was at times a subject of conversation on the part of the girls in the institution.

This is not an uncommon occurrence. It is happening in the schools and colleges throughout the country. It is just as apt to be your daughter, or my daughter, as it was the daughter of this prosperous, Christian family.

It is impossible to keep your daughter ignorant of these matters pertaining to sex. She will learn—you can depend upon that. It may be from shameful teachers, or by sad, bitter, costly experience.

If you do not think that the story of the mystery of birth can be told purely as God intended the whole subject should be regarded, just take a single dollar—that you often spend for a bit of ribbon or an evening's entertainment—and purchase a copy of "What a Young Girl Ought to Know," written by Mrs. Dr. Wood-Allen, and you will find not a single word even, or an impure, suggestive thought in its pure pages, and you will be surprised how clean and upright the whole subject is regarded; and the investment of this dollar may be the salvation of that sweet girl of yours.

An important addition to the already good list of books published by Forbes & Co., Chicago, is "Herself," by Dr. E. B. Lowry. To quote from the author's preface—

"It is a lamentable fact that the majority of women and girls are ignorant of the structure of their most important organs. In the majority of schools and colleges where physiology is taught, absolutely nothing is mentioned about the reproductive organs. As far as books or instruction are concerned, the girl is ignorant of their very existence. If she knew something of the structure of such important organs and the harmful results of many practices or acts of carelessness affecting them, would she not be better prepared to take the proper care of herself and more liable to develop into a strong, healthy woman? * * * *

"Every woman should have some knowledge of the structure and care of her body, especially of those parts which are concerned intimately in the welfare of the future generation. Every woman, too, should receive some instruction regarding the care of young children and the proper management of the home.

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